

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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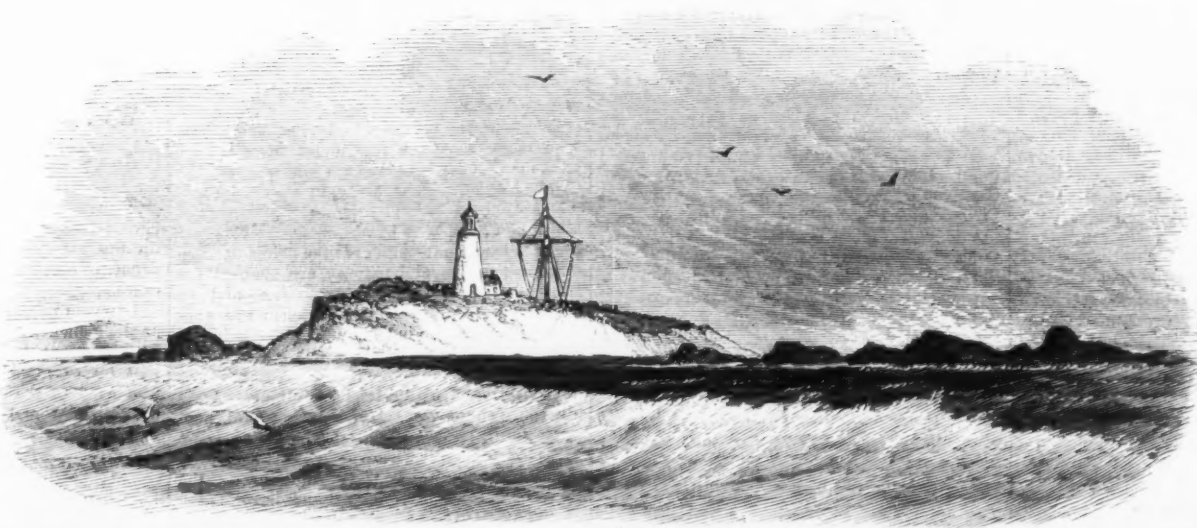
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NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1873.

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THE GREAT WRECK.

THE loss of the *Atlantic* is the sad sensation of the hour. We have given all the details of the woe-ful event, with pen and pencil, in our Extras. The general verdict (in which we concur) is, that this horrible catastrophe could have been avoided (1) by the Company, who should have fully coaled the ship for a voyage which might, in March, have reasonably extended into weeks, but whose pitiful supply was exhausted in about ten days; and (2) by ordinary prudence on the part of the Captain. Captain Williams ad-



NOVA SCOTIA.—SAMBRO LIGHT, OFF HALIFAX.

mits that he saw no lights at all, but that he judged of his position entirely by his reckoning. His reckoning seems to have been at fault. He concedes that he knew the danger of approaching the fatal coast at night in a heavy sea, for he says that it was his purpose to put the ship about at three o'clock, and wait for daylight. Had his reckoning been correct (he says the steamer was making twelve knots an hour), at three o'clock he must have been within twelve miles from the shore. Under this state of the case, he abandoned his post and went to bed. At three o'clock he was



NOVA SCOTIA.—SCENE ON MARR'S ISLAND THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC"—FISHERMEN FINDING THE BODIES WASHED ASHORE.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 89.

upon the breakers! The steamer struck at 3:15 A.M.

The Captain left orders to be called, if necessary. These orders were disregarded by the second and fourth officers, who seem to have rivalled their superior in recklessness. Had he been called (as the evidence indicates) one quarter of an hour earlier than the shock summoned him, the disaster might have been averted. For the lights of Sambro Head and Peggy's Point must have been visible long before that. Sambro Light is visible twenty miles. According to the Captain's calculation, it should have been seen at half-past two.

The destination of the *Atlantic* for that night—as we now learn—was not Halifax Harbor, but some point fifteen miles off shore. The problem for solution is, how a ship could be allowed to run upon a rocky shore, midway between two lights, both of which should have been visible for an hour or more, when her officers knew she had no business to be near shore at all, when the skies were clear and the wind in her favor? Danger was apprehended by the subordinates in charge (while the Captain was asleep). They quarreled about rank, etc., and were wrangling in this way up to and after 2 A. M., when the ship was running on the breakers at the rate of 12 knots an hour.

The *Atlantic*, although built in compartments, seems to have gone down like lead. Her back was broken. Many think that her model is an unsafe one—long and sharp, like a pointed lead-pencil. Those who have our Extras, which picture this dire tragedy, will be able to judge how far this criticism is correct.

Here, then, is indeed a warning, to sound like a funeral bell mournfully through at least a hundred years, and then to become a tradition whose recital will thrill all sensitive hearts. It is proven by this and like disasters that it is perfectly practical (as a rule) to make an ocean voyage safe. True, wrecks must occur, but the saddest of these, of which we have detailed intelligence, are proven to be due, after all, to causes that might have been avoided.

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GOVERNOR HENDRICKS—A NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS, an eminent leader of the Democratic party, is reported as favoring a new Political Departure. It is said that he proposes to get rid of the time-worn, time-honored (time-stained as well) name of the Democratic Party; to create a new party out-and-out, in the same way in which the Republicans came into existence, and to christen it, after full deliberation with a body which shall represent all the elements of Reform.

We think that this fact was accomplished in part last Fall. We trust that it may grow into full fruition during the coming Summer.

We have repeatedly urged the same idea, and we do not know any safer, abler, or purer politician than is Governor Hendricks, to whom to intrust the initial steps of this needed organization.

The Democratic Party has been really dead since its rupture in the Charleston Convention. From that day to this its remains have worried and flurried and played the madman and fool, and the wrangler and the optimist and the Cassandra by turns, until Contempt has settled upon the debris of the Democracy. Yet we honor the record of that grand old party. It has ever been, in its high estate, a patriotic and constitutional organization. Tainted, alas! with slavery and rebellion, nothing remains of it but its name, and its extreme efforts to maintain old conservative ideas, many of which are an inheritance which will be of infinite political service during all the life of the Republic. As issues, however, they are gone, and powerless.

To the folly of the Democrats we owe the defeat of Mr. Greeley. In all kindness we say it—Democrats of the Stephens and Wise and Voorhees School, whose ill-timed and impetuous appeals to old prejudices retarded the grand and patriotic movement which culminated in the last Baltimore Convention. In this way the Democratic Party finally committed suicide.

Let us now accept in good faith the new condition of things. Let us part with the shadow and seize the substance. Let us combine the resistless masses who stand opposed to the Central, Consolidating schemes of the Government, to the Corruptions of Congress, to Special and Class Legislation, to all unholy Combinations and Rings. Let us do this wise thing promptly, so that the power of the New Party shall be felt in the initial elections that will occur during the interval between this day and the next Presidential canvass. To procrastinate is almost certain destruction to the hopes of the Reformers.

The Opposition leaders seem dumb, deaf, paralyzed. To illustrate—they defer to the wily Morton the task of supervising, so to speak, the suggested Reform of the Liberals—that of abolishing the old method of electing the President and Vice-President. They are permitting the One-Term question to sleep. And above all, they are neglecting the overshadowing issue before the nation. That issue is the Railroad Question.

We have now arrived at the crisis when the Railroads or the People must rule; when cruel freights on breadstuffs shall retard agriculture and depress commerce yet more and more dangerously—or when the People themselves will control the avenues of transportation. This Railroad Reform has begun. It is a Revolution. It will not go backward. It will not wait for the expiration of charters which, after a prescribed term of years, give these roads to the States. It has aroused the people from Maine to Texas, and from New York to San Francisco. It will make and unmake parties. It will shake—and finally control—all legislative bodies.

Either the United States Government, or the States, will be required by the People to give them cheap—perhaps almost free—transportation for cereals and the like, the roads to be sustained by taxation. To coerce the Government—that is, Congress—to this step (while it may not be constitutional) is by no means improbable as the result of this war against Railroad Monopolies. Congress may be forced by the constituent body to take this control into their own hands. Either the Railroads must absolutely succumb, or the Nation will be forced to protect itself against this form of encroachment, which was unforeseen by the framers of the Constitution; or else the States will take the matter in hand, and run these oppressors to the wall.

The right of the States to build Railroads will not be disputed. They may build them and control them. In many instances the States are the residuary legatees, so to speak, of these corporations. A consolidated, connecting chain of Railroads may be created by the will of the States, acting in concert, which will prove too formidable for the Railroad Kings. This plan is entirely feasible, and the people will gladly submit to be taxed to carry it out. In such event, it will be found that the Roads which now hold themselves hundreds of per cent. above their real value will be reduced—like fancy stocks—by stern pressure to their real worth. Then they will sue for peace—and better times will dawn for us. Then the Legislation of the land will be purified of the old rotten lobbies, through whose pernicious influence Congress and the States have been seduced into selling the interests of the public to Monopolies—through subsidies and partial legislation—until the monstrous evil is now about to work its own cure. Like the Viper told of in the fable, these Corporations, which owe their lives to the legislation of the Government and the States, have stung their benefactors—the People.

To champion this Reform is a main work of the New Party.

Dying of old age as well as corruption, everywhere the Radical Republican (alias Crédit Mobilier and Salary Grab) Party is led and officered by unscrupulous, bad men. Behold its type in the late and present Vice-Presidents—convicted of lying and of publishing lies. Three Senators and the five Chairmen of the leading Committees of the House of Representatives, all venal; new Senators, from

several States, tried for obtaining their elections by fraud; and an old Senator convicted by the Public Sentiment for attempting to obtain an election by bribery; the Senate so low-toned that it is the scorn of the nation; the Empire State of New York surrendered to rascally Federal place-holders; the Opposition notably cheated out of their representation by such "gerrymandering" as Mr. Morton practiced in Indiana, where it is demonstrated that, although upon the popular vote an Opposition majority should reach 15,000, nevertheless, the Legislature would show a strong Radical preponderance—such is a faint outline of the decaying remains of the Radical Republican Party. It is superannuated, guilty, condemned. It exists only by force of the Federal patronage, and by alliances with unscrupulous corporations.

Only good leadership is necessary to wrest the Government from these spoilers. The People are eager and waiting. Messrs. Hendricks, Evarts, Groesbeck, Thurman, Schurz, Trumbull!—come promptly to the front! Call Conventions! Organize!

THE DRAMA.

It is not our habit to write about theatricals. As Sir Charles Coldstream says in "Used Up," "After all, there's nothing in it." We very much doubt if either comedy, opera, tragedy, or drama of any sort, gives unalloyed pleasure nowadays, even to the so-called critics who make so much fuss about these things, and many of whom have symptoms of the Crédit Mobilier. The Stage, in all its departments—except in burlesque and buffoonery—is not in a good way by any means. A decent star has inadequate support; the prima-donnas, tenors, basses and baritones are shamed for lack of orchestra and *mise-en-scène*—and so on. No new plays worth criticism are produced; and we do not know of a stock in the country capable of bringing out old standard plays with brilliant effect.

What is above said is pitifully true. After all the pedantry, poetry, bombast and nonsense of the Bohemians—and the better strictures of higher "critics"—are expended on performances, the crowds who throng the theatres come away offended and disappointed in the general effect. To use a slang phrase, the public cannot "see it"; and this for the simple reason that the Stage is not now possessed of that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

In tragedy, the romantic school seems to have perished with the elder Booth and Charlotte Cushman. Janaushek, Ristori and a few others of this type, linger, to be sure—linger, and that is all. The spirit of Charles Kemble in genteel comedy has degenerated into the amateur parlor style. The human fun of Burton in low comedy nowadays has frittered into "make up," and what they call "eccentric" and "character" acting, odd perhaps, humorous; quaint; artistic sometimes, if you please; but who sees the nature of Sir Toby Belch and Mr. Toodles, for example, in these degenerate times, as we witnessed these in Burton's day?

Burlesque and buffoonery are very good. We have truly great and well-trained voices now and then in opera. Splendid scenery, pretty women, telling costumes and good stage carpenters abound. But the modern Stage, as represented in the metropolis, is very much like the ceremonial of swallow-tailed-coated and gloved waiters, and silver service which make a parade over mean soups and sour wines, and a pretentious bill of fare whose sole distinction is in its pretense.

Is it possible that nobody can write a play, either? Why not? Nothing pays better than the Stage. Our stage "artists" and managers are almost all getting rich. Our tame *Othellos*, *Lears*, and *Jagos*; our fair *Ruy Blas* and *Daddy O'Donets*; our exquisite *Rip Van Winkles* and odd *Solon Shingles* (and so on to the end), invest in stocks and real estate, keep yachts, drive trotters, indulge in stone front city mansions and country seats. What do they really give the public in return for their money? Answer: Their own starrng; mere dramatic adaptations, the eternal reappearance in the same rôles, foreign chaff and little besides. These despots (we beg their pardon for our bluntness) do not encourage native dramatic talent in any form. And so our modern Stage reflects the body of our time, holds up its mirror, and gives us its form and pressure—for we are an age of Humbug.

THE CONVICTION OF NIXON.

JUDGE BRADY is distinguishing himself by ability, promptness and equity on the Criminal Bench. And we are glad to be able to render this deserved tribute to him. He is ridding us of highwaymen and murderers. In his charge—in the Nixon case—he told the jury that "the only deliberation required to constitute premeditation, under the law, is, that the design must have existed at the time the deed was committed." And it is equally sound law that the "design" must be often conclusively inferred from the nature of the weapon used. The pettifogging stuff advanced in the Foster and Stokes cases has no basis in law. It is a sheer "shyster" invention, which so construes the spirit of the common law (which, after all, animates our statutes) as make it incumbent on the prosecution to show express malice—by such facts as long antecedent threats, lying in wait, and the like.

The story of the Nixon case, as we digest it from the evidence, is, that Phyfer, the victim, was riding a cart-horse, to whose harness a whiffletree was attached, leading another horse. Angered at his inability to pass Phyfer, Nixon, who was in a wagon, drew a revolver and shot him through the head. Nixon pretended to have had a "quarrel" with Phyfer. He said: "I shot him—he attempted to strike me with a whiffletree, and I shot him." This was a regular Frontier murder. And yet the majority of the people were absolutely astounded when they heard that the felon had been promptly tried and convicted in the city of New York, and sentenced to be hung on the 16th of next month.

We are getting on at last, thank Heaven, in the work of putting down crime. We have great respect for lawyers. They deserve it. It is to them we owe almost all the safeguards of life. We honor them for the brave struggles which they make for their clients. But there is a limit which they cannot honorably pass, even in the discharge of their responsible duties. When the lawyer has skillfully presented his case to the full extent of his ability, his duty is done as a professional man. And, as a good citizen, he has no right, by superior influence and mind, to lend himself to help on Public Demoralization, by tricks and arts leveled at the foundation on which the law rests.

And we are sorry to say that this sort of sapping and mining was conspicuously seen on the trials of the Foster and Stokes cases. In the Stokes case there are volumes of pettifogging presented in the most voluminous record perhaps which has ever disgracefully lumbered up the archives of a Criminal Court. Evidences of corruption also were flagrant in those cases.

Lawyers need taking in hand firmly, as well as their clients. We congratulate Judge Brady on his recent well-won honors, and we hope that his example will be promptly emulated. The need of the law is for more Courts and court-houses and prisons; and for a short route to the Court of Appeals.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

It is pleasant to note the peaceful progress of political reform at all times. And a very gratifying incident of this nature is being exhibited in Sweden, in the case of Oscar Bernadotte, who succeeded last September to the crown of Sweden and Norway. It was thought that he might not have a coronation—as the Swedish Diet expressed great reluctance so to waste money on such a ceremonial; and the Diet appointed a Committee to consider the subject. The Committee reported in favor of leaving the matter to the discretion of King Oscar himself, adding that the Constitution does not prescribe expressly with regard to the coronation of the sovereign; and that, in their "opinion, the ties connecting the king and the people cannot be strengthened by a costly ceremonial."

The monarch has decided that he will be duly crowned in July, and the general belief is that he will be sworn in in the most unostentatious and least costly manner before the parliamentary representatives of Sweden and Norway constituting the Diet. This king is the descendant of that soldier of fortune, Bernadotte, who was created Prince de Ponte Corvo by Napoleon I., elected heir to the Swedish throne in 1810, and crowned King of Sweden in 1818. Of the many monarchs who owed their rank to Napoleon, Bernadotte alone succeeded in permanently establishing his throne.

The present king's mother was a daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, only son of the Empress Josephine of France, and therefore first cousin of the late Napoleon III.

THE FARMERS.

THE Illinois farmers are in earnest. They have held a large convention, representing all parts of the State, at Springfield. Their whole attention is devoted to the problem of railway legislation, which is now the vital concern of the West.

They say, "This despotism which defies our laws, plunders our shippers, impoverishes our people and corrupts our Government, must be subdued and made to subserve public interests at whatever cost." They take the ground that the Legislature can regulate any corporation which it has created; they deny that a State can give powers which it cannot control; they affirm railways to be public highways, which may be compelled to carry all the business that offers, on fair and equal terms, and to make connections with all roads whose tracks reach or cross their own. They insist on inquiry as to whether some of the companies have not forfeited their charters by violating the organic law of the State in watering their stock. They resolve that "the State must require obedience to the laws from all alike, whether the same be deemed constitutional or not by the parties affected." (This resolve hits wisely at the agitation for packing the Supreme Court, in order to reverse its interpretation on a point of constitutional law, as it relates to chartered rights.)

They—too radically—require the immediate repeal of the protective duties on iron, steel, lumber, and all materials which enter

into the construction of railroad cars, steamships, sailing-vessels and agricultural implements. In short, the Western farmers are in the midst of a revolution which—while some of its demands are ultra—must, nevertheless, succeed in establishing the rights and powers of the People in regard to these corporations.

So goes on the work whose advance we predicted—with pen and pencil—more than a month ago. This revolution is, indeed, a hopeful sign. It demonstrates that, while we have Tweeds and Camerons, and Caldwelles and Murphys and Congressional Rogues among us, we have also a PEOPLE.

THE DIVERSIONS OF SCIENCE.

MR. JOHN ANDERSON, of this city, who owns an island somewhere in the neighborhood of Buzzard's Bay, has recently presented it to Professor Agassiz, who had expressed a wish for some sequestered spot where scientific men could meet for mutual instruction and amusement. The island in question will, therefore, soon be transformed into a sort of scientific paradise—a combined home for scientific invalids and school for scientific youth. All of which will, doubtless, be very pleasant to Professor Agassiz and his friends, and is certainly very creditable to Mr. Anderson.

The island will present a curious spectacle to such unscientific visitors as may be permitted to visit it after it shall have been entered upon and possessed by its scientific population. The ways of the scientific person when in search of amusement are decidedly peculiar. Most readers will remember the scientific persons who camped upon Mount Washington two or three Winters since, and sent daily telegraphic bulletins of the state of the weather and the condition of their personal noses to the world below. They evidently enjoyed themselves amazingly. They slid down-hill with immense hilarity, and called that juvenile pastime an experiment to test the velocity of smooth bodies moving upon an inclined plane. They flew innumerable kites, and subsequently telegraphed the results of those experiments for testing the strength of the wind. They threw snowballs at each other, and froze all the available angles and inequalities of their bodies, and claimed that in so doing they were only endeavoring to ascertain the temperature. In short, they indulged in all sorts of juvenile games, and the public made up its mind that those scientific mountaineers had wintered upon Mount Washington merely in order to indulge in sports which they could not practice upon level ground without exposing themselves to the derision of irreverent boys.

Anderson Island will be too accessible to visitors to permit the scientific men to revive the sports of Mount Washington. They will, however, amuse themselves with the simple pleasures of science in a way that would be extremely interesting to the unscientific spectator. At early dawn they will meet to compare notes upon the singing of the barn-yard fowl, and to decide whether his singing is designed purely to annoy sleepy humanity, or whether it is intended to summon the early worm to come forth and be eaten. During the forenoon, the island will be dotted with bald and perspiring scientific persons, chasing, hat in hand, the devious and exasperating butterfly. After dinner, they will probably dig for fossil bones, and evolve, from the hints afforded by the petrified ribs of wrecked schooners, animals of gigantic proportions, and Latin names of a length calculated to utterly confound and suppress the rash skeptic. The early evenings will doubtless be devoted to a social orgy of statistics, varied by select performances with logarithmic tables by eminent mathematical talent. Later in the night, a thousand telescopes and spy-glasses will be directed to the stars, and each scientific person will be reluctant to betake himself to rest before he shall have won the Comet Sweepstakes by being the first to discover a new celestial wanderer.

Thus will the busy scientific person improve each island hour, without, let us hope, any of those heated discussions to which a difference of opinion in respect to bones and geological strata have so often given rise. To obviate the possibility of dissension, a code of strict regulations should be adopted. No scientific person should be permitted to claim that the stratification of his private chimney proves that it is older than the chimney of his neighbor. Severe penalties should be imposed upon the scientific hunter who may capture a butterfly previously "put up" by a rival sportsman, and in all cases where a choice variety of caterpillars may be captured upon a scientific person's coat, it should be held to be the property of the coat-owner, and not of the capturer. Unless these regulations are adopted, the Press of the country will be inundated with angry discussions concerning the stratification of the Anderson Island chimneys, in which every scientific person will clearly prove that every other scientific person is a shallow pretender, ignorant of the first principles underlying the chimney formation. Aged entomologists will smash each other's spectacles in an unseemly contest for the corpse of an impaled butterfly, and caterpillars of inestimable value will be hastily thrust into unlawful pockets, there to be hopelessly smashed by blows from hostile theodolites and other lawless weapons wielded by outraged scientists.

Let us, however, hope for better things. The scientific persons who shall next Summer resort to Anderson Island can, if they choose, enjoy a season of uninterrupted happiness in the pursuit of science and bluish, and the study of geology and apple-pie. And the visitor who finds them returning to their cottages at the end of the day laden down with mineralogical specimens, and with their hats outwardly decorated with impaled butterflies and inwardly filled with caterpillars and garter-snakes, will bless the generous Anderson and applaud his noble gift.

The statistics of crime show that there were in prison in the United States on June 1st, 1870, a total of 32,901 persons, thus distributed:

Total prisoners.....	32,901	Total population.....	38,558,371
Native whites.....	16,117	Native white pop. 28,111,133	
Negroes.....	8,050	Negro population.....	4,880,000
Foreign born.....	8,728	Foreign-born pop. 5,567,229	

This shows that (assuming all in prison to be criminals) there is at least one criminal in every 1,172 of our whole population, one in every 1,744 of our native white population, one in every 637 of our foreign-born population, and one in every 605 of our negro population. A comparison between the returns for Massachusetts and the returns for Georgia gives another set of results, which must be immensely shocking to those who believe in the Ku-Klux, in the lawlessness of the South, and who are accustomed to uphold Massachusetts for a pattern of all the virtues. The relative number of population and of criminals in the respective States is as follows:

MASSACHUSETTS.			
Total population.....	1,457,351	Total criminals.....	2,526
Native white.....	1,090,085	Native white.....	1,152
Colored.....	13,947	Colored.....	139
Foreign-born.....	353,319	Foreign-born.....	1,235

GEORGIA.			
Total population.....	1,184,109	Total criminals.....	737
Native white.....	627,799	Native white.....	126
Colored.....	545,142	Colored.....	597
Foreign-born.....	11,127	Foreign-born.....	14

This table shows that, while in Massachusetts one person in every 577 is a criminal, in Georgia there is only one criminal in every 1,606. Of the native whites in Massachusetts, one person in every 946 is a criminal. While of the native whites of Georgia only one in every 4,982 is a convict.

We are glad to notice that the plans for the new sloop-of-war, to be built in accordance with the recommendation of the Secretary of the Navy, are completed, and that the construction of the vessels is to be immediately begun. The necessity for ships of this class in our Navy has long been apparent, as, all told, we have but thirty steamers (third and fourth rates) under nine hundred tons burden, while light-draught vessels are constantly needed for special service as dispatch boats, etc., as well as upon each of our six foreign stations, North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, Asiatic and European. As the sloops are not to be built in Government dock-yards, but are to be contracted for by private builders, two purposes will be served by their construction: the navy will receive a much-needed reinforcement, and at the same time our shipbuilding interest will be stimulated; so, regarded from any point of view, the action of Congress in passing the Bill authorizing their building was wise, and deserving of commendation.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—Edward P. Smith, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, comes from Philadelphia. He was nominated for agent to the Chippewa Indians in Minnesota two years ago by the American Missionary Society of New York, of which society he was then Secretary. The President nominated, and the Senate confirmed him, and he has since been in charge of the agency. While in Minnesota, he had charge of about 6,000 Indians, many of whom are quite advanced in civilization, having farms, schools, etc. He is a firm believer in the present policy of the Government in regard to the Indians, and thinks that a great nation can afford to be forbearing and patient with them. A law passed by the last Congress provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall issue new notes of the National currency in all cases where any of the several denominations of bills shall have been counterfeited. As each particular denomination—ones, twos, fives, etc.—has been counterfeited, the law may be understood by briefly stating that the Secretary is required to execute new notes to take the place of all the outstanding National currency. While Congress appropriated \$600,000 for this purpose, the law requires that each National Bank which receives new notes shall reimburse the Government.

A WRITER in the Chicago Times states that he has seen the infant son of Dr. Louis Shultz remain under water twenty-five minutes without being injured. Shultz claims that any land animal can be taught to do the same thing if taken in hand immediately after birth. His theory is that before birth the circulation is carried on through the oval hole between the right and left arterial canals. After birth the circulation is conducted entirely by the lungs through the pulmonary artery, and the oval hole of the heart is gradually closed through disuse. The vital functions of the amphibians are almost identical with those of the land animals, including the human species. Their young are born on land, and would become incapable of remaining under water were they not frequently forced by their dams beneath the surface, and thus the oval hole of the heart is constantly kept open, until it becomes one of the permanent functions of the body. Shultz was convinced that all land animals might acquire the same faculty, and tested the matter by immersing four newborn pups in water heated to blood temperature. He first kept them beneath the surface two minutes, then five minutes, and they seemed to enjoy it rather than otherwise. When his child was born he stole it from the mother while the latter slept, and recklessly im-

mersed it in water at blood heat for four minutes, keeping his hand on the babe's breast so that the pulsation of the heart could be felt. Shultz states that it was twenty seconds after immersion before the blood found its way along the old channel, with a bounding percussion which at once startled him and relieved his suspense. Upon lifting the baby from the water it was ten seconds before the lungs resumed their duties, and the circulation proceeded in the natural manner. Shultz then dressed the infant and returned it to its mother so quietly that she did not imagine anything unusual had happened. The day following the experiment was repeated five times. It was not for some time that Shultz informed his wife of what he had done, assuring her of a certain fortune if she kept the matter secret. But the shock prostrated the mother for two weeks. During the Winter Shultz never neglected the immersion of his child five times a day, from five to twenty-five minutes each time. The boy is a blonde, and shows unusual physical strength for a child of six months. He can already "go round by the chair," and his voice is uncommonly powerful. He appears to have much better control of his movements in the water than out of it. A few peppermint lozenges were tossed in different parts of a bath three feet deep, in pursuit of which the child eagerly went, and he was fully three minutes endeavoring to secure them, as he dropped them almost as fast as he picked them up. Finally he came up with the candy, appealing to be taken out. Mrs. Shultz is not at all reconciled to the treatment of her child, but Shultz thinks he is doing humanity a favor by initiating a practical method of obviating all danger by drowning.

THE fact has already been mentioned by us that several gentlemen of New York and San Francisco were fitting out an expedition to the northern coast for the purpose of working the rich auriferous deposits known to exist along the shore of Klamath County, between Trinidad and Redding Rock. For several years past the sands on the beach have been profitably worked by various parties, and Mr. Greenbaum, the well-known auctioneer of San Francisco, is reported to have added considerably to his stock of lucre by having an interest in one of these enterprises. Some months ago, a gentleman named Taylor, having ascertained that the richest deposits of gold were off shore, at a depth of from ten to fifty feet, had a large diving-bell built and taken up there for the purpose of snatching a portion of this glittering gold from the greedy ocean. Owing to the difficulty of using such a cumbersome and unwieldy apparatus among the breakers, which almost constantly prevail in that locality, the diving-bell proved a failure. Mr. Taylor, however, managed to secure about a basketful of the ocean sand, which he brought to San Francisco and had assayed by the San Francisco Assaying and Refining Works. The result of the assay exceeded Mr. Taylor's most sanguine hopes—it showed the sand to be worth \$23,056.60 per ton. As the sand was taken up at various spots within a distance of about half a mile, the richness and extent of the deposits were regarded as fixed facts. The only remaining question was, how to get enough of the precious stuff. Mr. Taylor found no difficulty in enlisting capital and ingenuity to aid in solving this problem. The idea of pumping up the sands was suggested, and finally adopted, and forthwith the necessary apparatus was procured and placed on board the steamer *Copville*, which was chartered for the occasion. This apparatus is a very simple contrivance, consisting merely of an oval-shaped iron chamber, about twelve inches long and six in diameter. To the side of this, a section of ordinary rubber hose is attached, the other end being lowered over the vessel's side to the bottom. At one end of the iron chamber a powerful jet of steam enters and passes out through an exhausting pipe at the other end. By this means a vacuum is created, and, as a natural consequence, the water, sand, mud, or anything small enough to pass through the hose is forced up. For three days the *Copville* lay at Jackson Street wharf, San Francisco, while the apparatus was being put in order. Two days' time was lost through the carelessness of some of the mechanics employed on the job, but eventually everything was got ready and the steamer started on her voyage. Doubts were expressed by many as to the practicability of pumping the sand into the tanks on the vessel's deck, but the tests made removed all fear on that point. The steamer probably has reached her destination by this time. Within a week, unless the weather is stormy, Mr. Taylor is confident he can get a hundred tons of the precious sand on board, so that in about ten days we may look for the return of the expedition. The result is awaited with great interest by many people aside from those directly concerned in the enterprise. If it proves successful, we shall have a new field for speculation and excitement.

THE Gilbert Elevated Railroad is secured. Five miles are under contract. The Company is now under obligations to finish the double track from Chambers Street to Forty-second Street, a distance of over three miles, by the middle of October—only six months hence. This will require track-laying at the rate of a mile a month, for it will probably be three months before the iron can be supplied in quantities to begin. * * * * The Referee in the Bull's Head Bank plunder reports the Assets \$49,000 above the liabilities. Over \$200,000 stolen. * * * ALBANY.—Mr. Donohue's Bill for the protection of gas consumers was taken up in the Assembly, and passed by an overwhelming vote. This Bill, which originated in the Assembly, is one of the most just and sensible that could be imagined. It provides for the inspection of the gas which the companies in New York and Brooklyn furnish to their customers. If the gas is not of a fixed standard quality, the company is to be fined, and this price is fixed at \$2.25 per 1,000 cubic feet. The gas-makers already pretend to comply with these requirements. The inspectors will see that they do; but the Senate must first pass the Bill and give us this needed law.

An occupation pursued in various parts of Texas, and peculiar to that State, is the business generally known as "cattle-skinning." A few daring fellows will band together and scour the country at all hours, for the purpose of "skinning" any luckless steer that may be found out of sight of his owner. They drive them off sometimes into the brush or a ravine, shoot them down, jerk their hides off, and leave the carcass for the wolves and buzzards. This has become a real science in Texas, and many are making money at the business. The hide of a good steer will bring \$6, and, as it is all clear money, it is bound to pay. Efforts are being constantly made to catch the "skinnists," but they are so sharp they always elude capture.

CALIFORNIA papers think that tourists will find that State particularly attractive this year, and the hotel and means of transportation improved in many respects. They are promised a wagon road into the Yosemite; two new and large steamers on Lake Tahoe; good facilities for reaching, and good houses at, the new and magnificent Mount Shasta region. The fact should be impressed upon tourists that from April to the close of June is much the best time for seeing California in its verdure and beauty, while the least amount of dust is then encountered on the overland railroad and other roads.

THE beginning and the end of the whole dealogue for the Secretary of the Treasury is: Mind your own business, and don't meddle with the stock market. So, too, the Secretary's obvious desire to reduce the price

of gold is a desire which nearly all good citizens share with him. But where he hoped to help he has only harmed, and no amount of wishes from the Treasury Department for lower gold will restore recent losses to importers.

THE following reports from Newfoundland show the seal fishery to have been very satisfactory. The steamer *Sherbrooke* has taken 20,000 seal; steamship *Wolf*, 20,000; steamship *Bloodhound*, 25,000; steamship *Walrus*, 11,000; steamship *Island*, 30,000; *Greenland*, 15,000; *City of Halifax*, 6,000; *Tigress*, 7,000; *Ranger*, 8,000; *Commodore*, 3,000; brig *Rolling Wave*, 1,100; *Merlin*, 2,000; *Mastiff*, 1,000.

MR. GRANT has failed to write two letters confidently expected of him. He has not complimented Senator Clayton on his escape from investigation by the skin of his teeth, neither has Senator Caldwell been assured over the Executive sign-manual that he carries with him into his retirement the Presidential sympathy and perfect trust. Perhaps the Colfax letter rather exhausted that vein.

KING LUNALILO, the new monarch of the Sandwich Islands, has made the tour of his kingdom in the United States steamship *Benicia* on the invitation of Admiral Penneck. The King will come to San Francisco with General Schofield, to make a tour of the United States.

FOREIGN.—SPAIN.—At last dates Señor Castelar threatened to resign unless the Ministry adopted a more decisive and energetic policy. The Carlists are reported to have shot 60 prisoners at Berga. * * * CHINA AND JAPAN.—The Pacific Mail Steamship *China* brings advices from Hong Kong, China, to February 27th, and from Yokohama, Japan, to March 10th. It is reported that vigorous efforts are to be made for the suppression of the infamous coolie trade engaged in by the Portuguese between Macao and South America. All the China papers are discussing the iniquities of the traffic. The question of opening the Japanese ports to all foreigners hinges on the condition that they will submit to the native laws. One system, based upon the Code Napoleon, has been rejected by the Mikado. The Peruvian Envoy, Señor García, arrived in Japan on the 27th of February, and was received by the Mikado. Despite the edict of religious toleration, 600 Christians in Tosa are still treated as criminals. The great temple of Monzeki in Yeddo is to be rebuilt under the superintendence of a foreign architect, and according to European ideas. Journalism is making rapid progress in Japan. A general system of conscription has been adopted, and all Japanese subjects of the age of 20 years are required to serve in the army or navy. * * * Mr. Louis Joseph Buffet has just been elected President of the French National Assembly. He is well known in French politics. He was born at Mirecourt (Vosges), October 26th, 1818, and entered in due time the legal profession. After the revolution of February, 1848, he was elected a representative of the people, and in the Assembly supported Republican principles. He was for about a year the Minister of Commerce of President Louis Napoleon, and continued to take a prominent part in public affairs until the coup d'état of December, 1851, when he retired from political life for many years. In 1864, he was elected to the Corps Législatif, in opposition to the Government candidate, and re-elected, in 1869, by 23,000 out of 25,000 votes. He acted with the Conservative Liberals, and was instrumental in forcing Napoleon III. to institute legislative reform.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LECCA has taken a cottage at Newport for the Summer.

MME. LECCA and Miss Kellogg have been singing at Baltimore this week.

THE Fabbri Italian Opera Troupe closed their season at the California Theatre, San Francisco, on the 16th, with "Der Freischütz."

MISS HELEN TEMPLE begins her series of star engagements for the Spring and Summer season at Trimble's Opera House, Albany, on the 7th of April.

SOTHERN continues to gather laurels at Wallack's. In Mr. H. J. Byron's farce, "Dundreary Married and Settled," he is attracting crowded houses nightly.

It is said that Mr. William Stuart, who was the manager of the Winter Garden Theatre, in conjunction with Edwin Booth, is about to build a new theatre at Twenty-first Street and Broadway.

THE Buffalo Choral Union turn out largely at rehearsals, and have the 42d Psalm ready for a public performance. They will bring it out this month with a miscellaneous programme. They are going to rehearse "Elijah," and hope to give it within a year.

"UNCLE SAM" has given way to "Under the Gaslight" at the Grand Opera House. Mr. Fechter has made arrangements to bring out his "Monte Cristo" at this establishment, it being placed at his disposal for a month by Mr. Daly, together with \$1,000 for each of the twenty-eight performances that are to complete the engagement.

THE programme of a choir concert in London was almost entirely filled with the works of early English and Italian composers. The selections included examples from Luca Marenzio (1550-99), G. Converso (1580), Salvatore Rosa (1615), Giovanni Croce (1560), Corelli (1653-1713), Tartini (1692-1770), Ferretti (1775), Pergolesi (1710), C. Festa (1541), Samuel Wesley (1765-1837), Ward (1608), Wilbye (1609), and others.

A SPECIAL performance was given on Saturday morning at Barnum's Circus and Menagerie in the Fair building of the American Institute, for the gratification of the inmates of the various orphan asylums in the city. The children attended in a body, under the direction of their teachers. This is a practical charity, which the little ones enjoyed—for, after all, there is nothing which delights the hearts of children more than the circus.

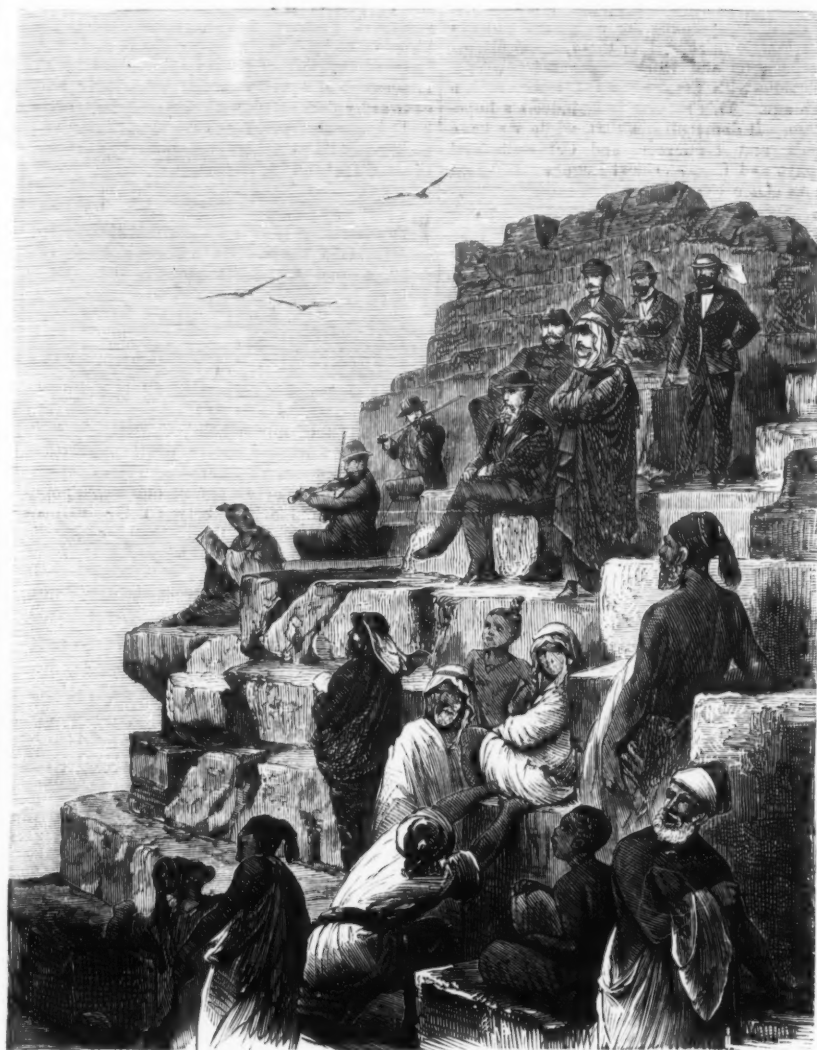
THE Cincinnati Musical Festival, which is to take place in May, will be under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas. The orchestra will number 108 pieces. The soloists engaged are Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, of Cincinnati, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Gray, contralto; Mr. Nelson Varley, tenor; Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, baritone; Mr. M. W. Whitney, basso. Mr. Thomas, assisted by the Handel and Hayden Society, of Boston, is to give a festival week of classical music at Steinway Hall, commencing on the 22d instant.

THE opera season at Covent Garden commenced on the 1st of April, while Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. Mapleson, with more regard for the proprietors, will not open until after Easter Monday. At Covent Garden there are no new operas promised, but a number of the best of the old ones are to be produced by an admirable company of artists. Adeline Patti, Mlle. Albani, Mesdames Sinico, Scaleti, Moubelli, Saar, and Corsi, are among the singers, and these are to be reinforced by six new lady artists. The list of tenors is a very strong one, comprising Pettini, Manfredi, Urio, Rossi, Marino, and Nicholino; while for basses and baritones we are to have Gragiani, Cologni, Cappani, Faure, Ciampi, Baggiolo, and Ragner.

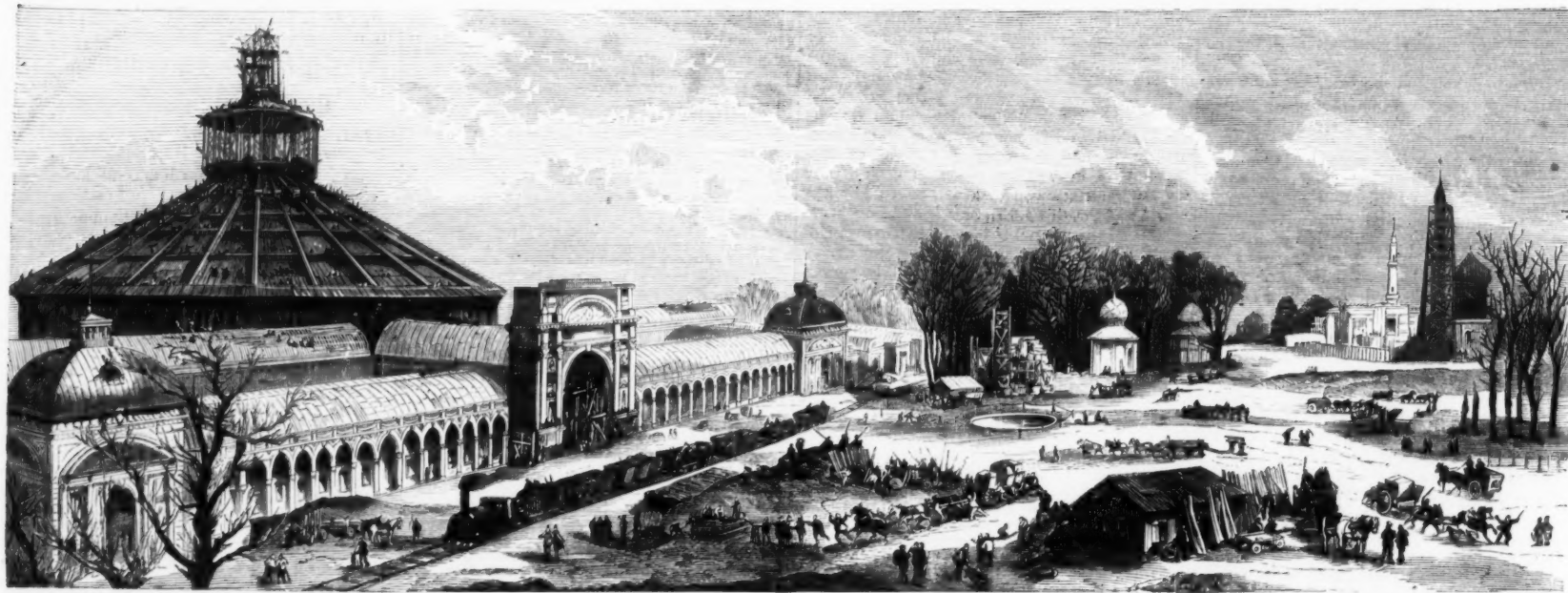
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 91.



HOLLAND.—A FUNERAL AT LA HAGUE.



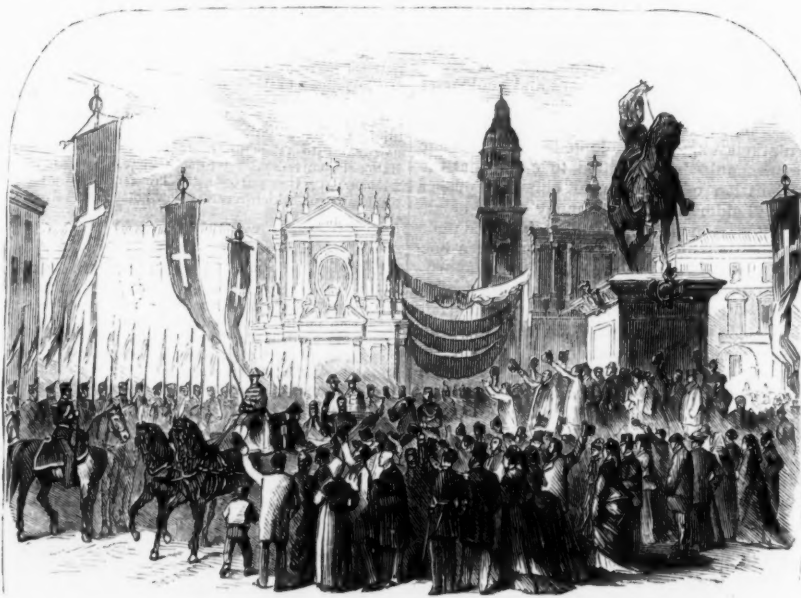
EGYPT.—A CONCERT ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.



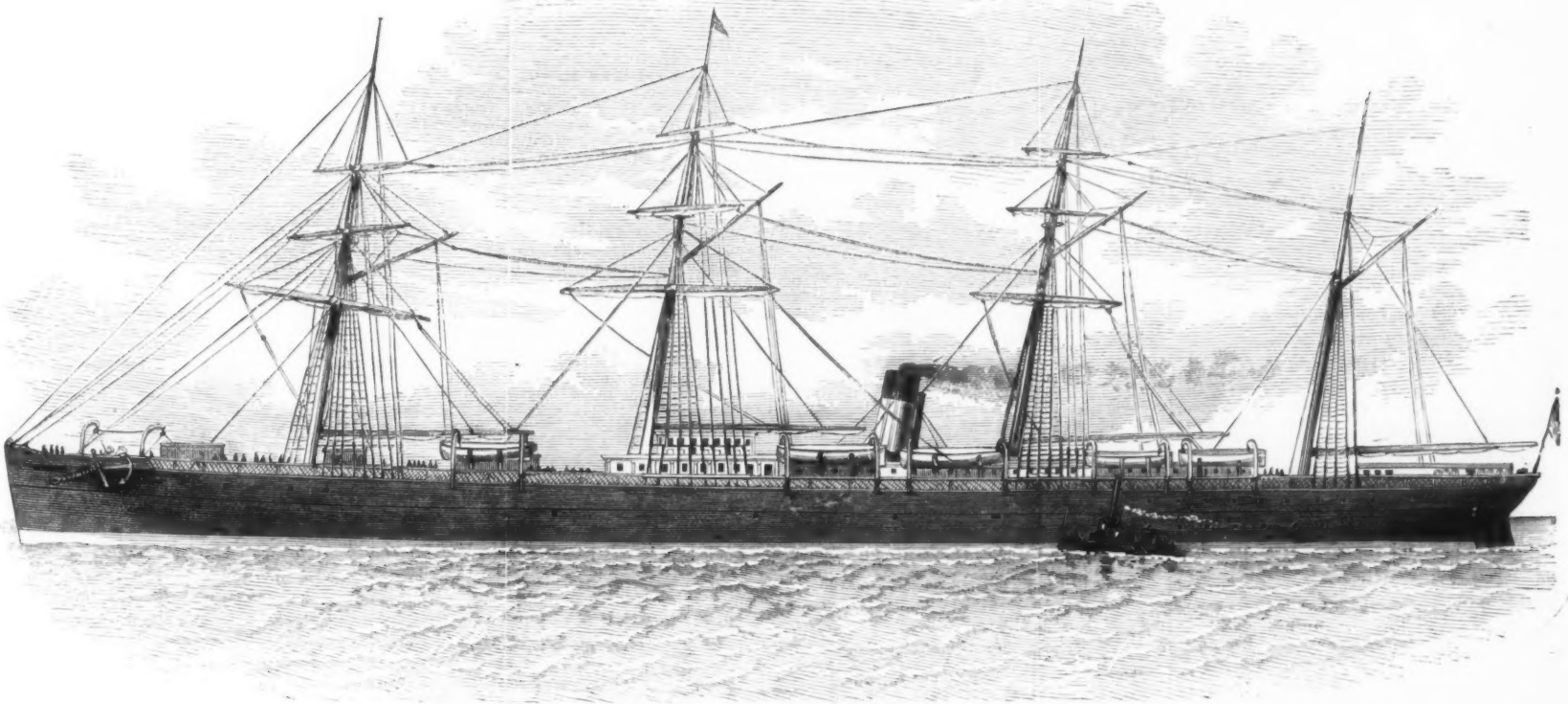
AUSTRIA.—CONDITION OF THE VIENNA EXPOSITION BUILDING IN MARCH.



FRANCE.—RETURN FROM LA MARCHE RACES.



ITALY.—THE DUKE OF AOSTA, THE EX-KING OF SPAIN, ENTERING TURIN.



THE LOST STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC" LEAVING LIVERPOOL ON HER LAST TRIP.

LOSS OF THE ATLANTIC.

SAVED 429—LOST 547.

ONE of the most awful calamities known to the steamship men of the Western Ocean occurred on the morning of the 1st of April.

The White Star steamer *Atlantic* went ashore upon Marr's Rock in the dead of night, and became a total wreck. The story is a sad one, and has been told in different terms by sailors and passengers who were among the lucky ones rescued from the ocean. Substantially they relate, that about three o'clock on Tuesday morning the good ship made the land, and becoming entangled with the ice, struck a few minutes after upon a reef known as Marr's Rock. Perhaps there can be no better account of the affair given than the several versions of the circumstances and its surroundings as detailed by the survivors. That of Captain Williams, the *Atlantic's* commander, may take precedence.

THE CAPTAIN'S STATEMENT.

We sailed from Liverpool March 20th. During the first part of the passage, had favorable weather and easterly winds. On the 24th, 25th and 26th ex-

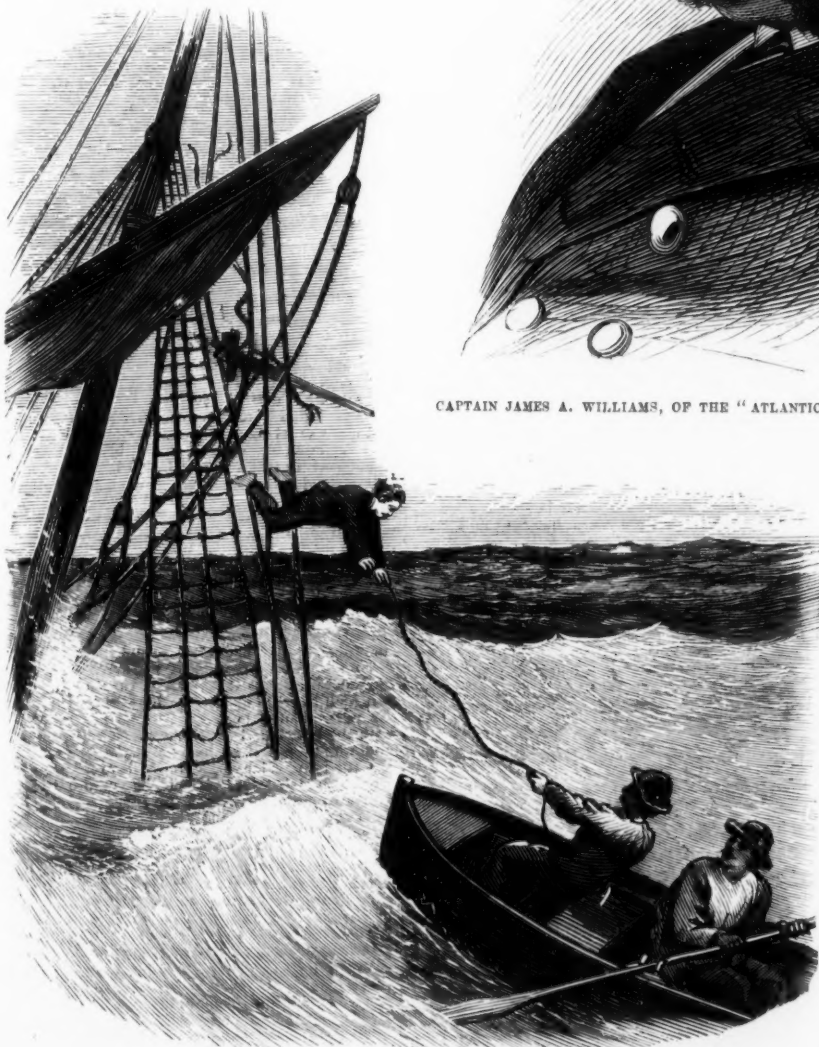


CAPTAIN JAMES A. WILLIAMS, OF THE "ATLANTIC."—FROM A PHOTO. BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.

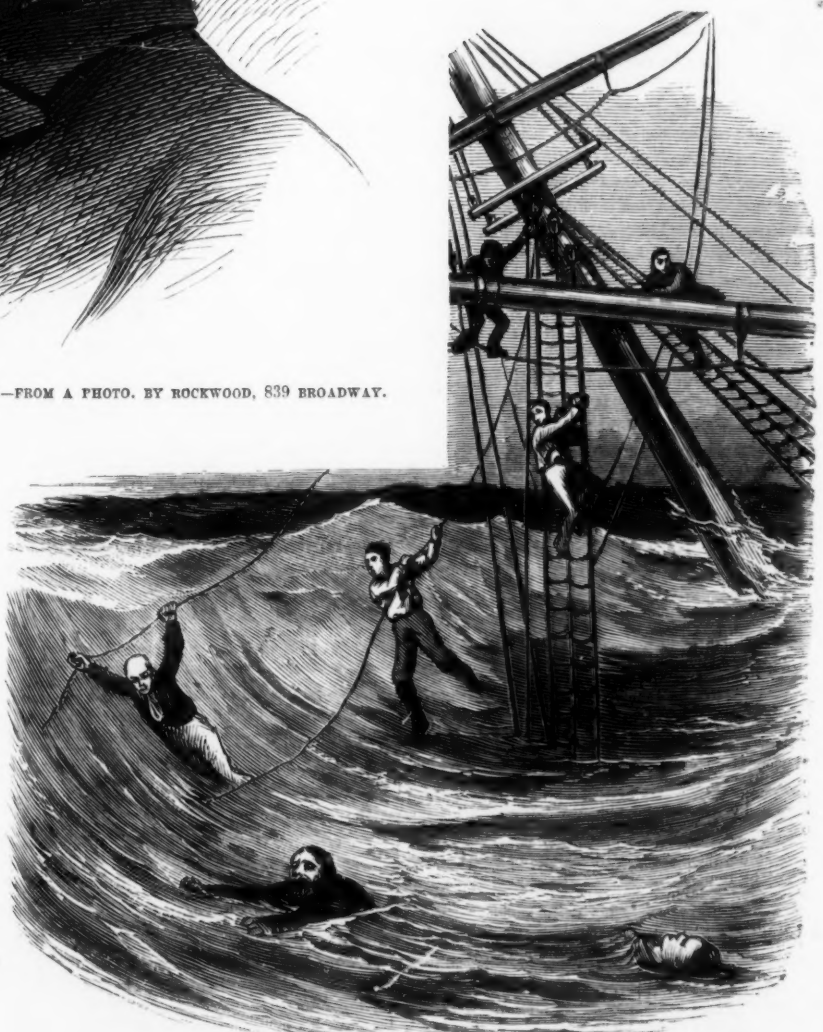
perienced heavy southwest and westerly gales, which brought the ship down to 118 miles a day. On the 31st of March the engineer's report showed but about one hundred and twenty-seven tons of coal on board. We were then 460 miles east of Sandy Hook, with wind southwest, high westerly swell and falling barometer, the ship steaming only eight knots per hour; considered the risk too great to push on, as we might find ourselves, in the event of a gale, shut out from any port of supply, and so decided to bear up for Halifax. At one P. M., 31st, Sambro Island was distant 170 miles; ship's speed varying from eight to twelve knots per hour; wind south, with rain, which veered to westward at eight P. M., with clear weather. At midnight I judged the ship to have made 122 miles, which would place her 48 miles south of Sambro; and I then left the deck and went into the chart-room, leaving orders about the lookout, and to let me know if they saw anything, and call me at three A. M., intending then to put the ship's head to the southward and await daylight.

My first intimation of the catastrophe was the striking of the ship on Marr's Island and remaining there fast. The sea immediately swept away all the port boats. The officers went to their stations and commenced clearing away the weather boats. Rockets were fired by the second officer. Before the boats could be cleared—only ten minutes having elapsed—the ship keeled heavily to port, rendering the starboard boats useless. Seeing that no help could be had from the boats, I got the passengers

(Continued on page 92.)



REV. MR. ANCIENT RESCUING THE CHIEF OFFICER, J. W. FIRTH.



PASSENGERS SWINGING THEMSELVES BY ROPES OUT OF THE RIGGING INTO THE WATER.

NOVA SCOTIA.—LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC"—SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING AND AFTER THE WRECK.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. BECKER.

THE BETHESDA OF THE HEART.

THERE'S a pool of Bethesda in each of our hearts,
Where an angel descends at some hour of the day,
To trouble its depths, till the shining foam starts,
In the hope that we'll sprinkle mankind with the spray.

Every drop of this shower of compassion should fall
On the poor, weary ones that are strangers to rest,
Till a rainbow of hope, hanging over them all,
Dispels half the darkness that reigns in their breast.

Then let not this beautiful spirit in vain
Dip her plumes in this innermost fount of the soul,
Nor those waters subside into coldness again
Till some leper that weeps on their verge is made whole.

TANNHÄUSER AND THE LADY VENUS.

A LEGEND OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

CHAPTER I.

Far beyond the sweeping hills and broken rocks which formerly boldly belted in the shores of the Hürsel Lake and the valley in whose bosom it crouched, spread the rooding sky of evening. This was at a period long anterior to the present. A glance, if it could be retroverted to the wild foliage and brush fringing the uneven and rocky track that could scarcely be called a road, might readily enough have proved this.

Darkness was gradually settling down upon the scene. But, as it slowly and surely blotted out the twilight, star after star flashed out upon the silent heaven. Then scattered lights seemed to render the solitary road less lonely than it had hitherto appeared.

So, at any rate, the Minnesinger thought, who was the only figure to be seen then passing along it. He was traveling in the direction of Wartburg. Letting the end of his steel-plated bridle drop jinglingly upon the neck of the tired horse which he had previously been impatiently urging along, he broke out into a ringing carol—probably an improvisation, for Tannhäuser was a man of mark in his calling or profession, whichever the reader may consider it. It ran something like this:

"Give me love and give me wine—
What care I for Glory's shine,
And the glitter of the car
Drawn by the God of War?
Give me love and give me wine—
Press my lips and call me thine—
I, in answer, call thee mine,
And pledge thine eyes in rosy wine."

On coming to the last words he, however, once more pressed his armed heel angrily on the flank of his steed, muttering, almost as if in contravention of his *Wein-lied*:

"Verily! the Lady Venus does not repay me for my devotion. If she did, she would not allow me to have wandered from my road and make me a laggard for this night's good-cheer at the Landgraf Hermann's."

This prince had called a gathering of minstrels to contend in song for a prize, and Tannhäuser had been specially invited.

Possibly his having broken bread about midday at the table of a wealthy miller, and the blue eyes of the miller's daughter and the yellow wine with which she had so repeatedly filled his cup, may have had something to do with his losing his road, rather than the want of care shown for him by the Lady Venus. If so, he preferred imputing it to her, rather than these temptations. And, in truth, Tannhäuser's personal appearance and the bravery of his apparel might have justified his temptation either by the Lady Venus—as he denominated her—or the miller's rosy-cheeked and golden-haired daughter. He was then in the very prime of manhood—straight as a young poplar, bright-eyed as a roe, and with a laughing quiver of his lips, all of which, apart from the blue-and-gold of his cloak and doublet, would have offered fair reason for goddess or village-maiden wishing for his smile.

However, his momentary annoyance soon passed. He again broke forth with the second stanza of the *Lied* he had been singing:

"Give me love and give me wine.
Let them redly laugh and shine—
Ruddier than the purple fold
Round the Kaiser's shoulder rolled.
Give me love and give me wine—
Press my lips and call me thine—
I, in answer, call thee mine,
And pledge thine eyes in rosy wine."

He had arrived at a turning in the narrow track he had been pursuing as he sang the last line, when a sudden and dazzling light seemed instantaneously to flame across it. His horse started. But the Minnesinger grasped his bridle firmly, and with another impatient movement of his heel, from which the animal winced, compelled it, trembling in every limb, to round the corner of the rough path.

For a moment he himself, bold as Barbarossa and brassy as only a Minnesinger could be, was staggered.

Pillars of parian and porphyry, with capitals of gold, stretching from immediately beyond the spot he stood on, in an apparently unending vista—dazzling lights which, in their yellow refuence, more than rivaled that of the sun at midday—purple draperies blazing with their fringe of bullion—leaping waters which caught the amber radiance and crimson reflection on their sparkling drops like shimmering jewels—and in the centre of all this radiance a band of beauty, scantily draped and pagan, such as Tannhäuser, in his wildest dreams of loveliness could never have imagined or fancied his imagining.

Recovering from his momentary doubt or dread—he would never have admitted to himself that it had been the last—he leaped from his horse.

Scarcely had he done so, than the living loveliness before him parted upon either side.

It discovered a form which advanced toward him. In its marvelous charms all of that surrounding beauty at once paled. The long, rippling yellow hair—the vivid, yet meltingly liquid eyes—the white and pearly skin flushed with rose—the curved and ruby mouth—the full and palpitating bosom, with the perfectly modeled limbs shining through the diaphanous texture of the fleecy drapery which scarcely veiled them—absolutely bewildered the sight of the Minnesinger. All loveliness he had ever seen became faded in his memory. All which he had ever created in his poetic visions was as a dead blank to him. He could but clasp his hands and gaze with marveling eyes upon the figure, exclaiming, as he did so:

"The Lady Venus!"

"Yes, Tannhäuser! I have long waited for you. Come!"

The melody of her voice was as wondrous as the charm of her incomparable face. She extended her hand to him. Blinded with the beauty he was looking on—nay,

drunken with its consciousness, he laid his hand in that of the Lady Venus, and he followed where she led him up that long range of parian and porphyry pillars. Where his horse and harp were left, he knew not. The band of pagan loveliness which had first greeted his eyes closed around the figures of the two with seductive song and dance. Whither he was being led, the Minnesinger knew not, and, perchance, did not care, so long as he was with her whom he had recognized. For the time he was her slave, more entirely than the old god Mars had been when her lame spouse had inspired them in his magic net. To him, there was nothing left in memory save his present knowledge. That was bound up in the melody of her voice, the marvel of her superlative charms, and the speculative belief that she loved him.

Two peasants, bound on their way homeward, had seen from a distance the blinding light, the gleam of purple and of gold, and heard the sound of song and dance.

At first they had paused. Then, they had hurried in the direction of the strange light and sound.

In a moment, the first of these had hidden itself in gloom.

The latter had ceased into silence. When, advancing cautiously and with some doubt, they reached the spot to which such unwonted sight and hearing had summoned them, they found nothing save the green turf and gray stone of the hill-side. Yes, they found the horse and harp of Tannhäuser! The animal was bathed in a profuse sweat, and trembling madly in every limb. Astonished, they called in a loud tone, and then searched and shouted for its rider; but neither found him nor received any answer to their loud cries. Stricken with terror, they then fled homeward, leading the affrighted horse with them.

On the following morning they took it with them to the castle at Wartburg.

The animal was a fine roan charger, far too valuable for their poverty to retain. Had it not been so, they might have confiscated it for use in the plow or the lumber-wagon.

No sooner had the Landgraf Hermann seen the horse than he recognized it.

It had been a favorite of his own—a gift from himself to the Minnesinger. Orders were at once given to his dependents to search for its missing owner. For the whole of that day and the two following, the country was scoured far and wide. All search, like that of the two countrymen, was in vain.

Tannhäuser was gone. The Court and assembled Minnesingers supposed him to be dead.

Perhaps the prince may have possessed sufficient poetic taste to have experienced a degree of regret for his death. More probably not. In those days of our forefathers' poetry was, as it is now, an article more ornamental than marketable. Melody gave it its only cash value. When one Minnesinger chanced to be wanting, one or a score of others were, however, to be found.

As for his brethren of "the joyous guild" whom his talents had previously overshadowed, they professed a certain amount of sorrow, but were, in truth, unequivocally rejoiced. This was, nevertheless, only before the Landgraf Hermann had awarded the prize. When this bone of contention had been disposed of, the unsuccessful competitors, with a scornful infection of their noses, remarked, in high-pitched voices:

"It was a singularly lucky chance for the gainer that Tannhäuser had gone the way of all flesh."

Such were, in the olden days, professional candor and honesty. They have not greatly varied at the present time.

CHAPTER II.

It had seemed no more than a month, or, haply, two or three, that Tannhäuser had dwelt in the palace and lain at the flushingly white and dimpled feet of the Lady Venus.

Among porphyry, gold and parian, crimson drapery and flashing lustre, glancing arms and swan-like necks, snowy ankles and swelling bosoms, he had still been faithful to her supreme and unparalleled loveliness. He had no eyes for any of the attendant nymphs who circled round her. His burning looks of love were directed to her alone.

And, indeed, why should it have been otherwise? There was no toil for, or so far as he could see, around him. Had he a wish for venison or boar's flesh, dainty wine or strong water or toothsome pastry, these were always forthcoming as soon as the desire crossed his mind. Would he sleep, the lap or the bosom of the Lady Venus pillowed his head. Did he wake, it was to gaze into her luminous eyes or to find his own blinded by the perfumed and tangled meshes of her yellow hair.

He told himself that he ought to be happy, and yet, sooth to say, he was not.

How was this? The soul of the Minnesinger of the Middle Ages was like that of the modern poet.

It was omnivorous of applause—craving male appreciation as well as female. It demanded a degree of place as well as face. In a word, its restlessness was only equalled by its vanity.

What to him was the silk and velvet and satin, with the costly lace and jewelry, daily or hourly spread before him, for him to choose his arrayment in, when there were none of his former companions present to be jealous of his bravery? What even, at times, seemed to him the matchless beauty of the Lady Venus, if other male eyes might not look upon her charms and covet their possession? Then, again, he would recall to mind the Court of the Landgraf Hermann, and yearn to sit once more at his hospitable board. There he might troll out one of the *chansonnets* or chant one of the rhymed adventures of love or war with which he had been wont to tickle that prince's ears and win the plaudits which now he craved for.

As he thought of this, he wondered who had won the prize for which he had been about contending. Was it Rupert Feldstein, or Schlangewold, or Wilhelm with the Black Beard? When this thought came over him, he could not refrain from anger that he had failed to be present—he, the Minnesinger of the time. Raising his head from the lap of the Lady Venus, he prayed her to allow him to leave her for a period.

"For what, Tannhäuser? Art thou not happy here?"

"I should be if I had gained the prize the Landgraf Hermann had offered to me and my fellows in song."

"But thou hast no wish for it, surely," she said, smiling in his eyes.

When that entrancing glance fell upon him he turned away his head impatiently, unable to meet it, and to persevere in the expression of his desire.

"I had none," he murmurs, "on the night I first saw thee."

"And now—"

"Possibly I have."

"Yet, my Tannhäuser, in Wartburg, the poor prize has long since been bestowed upon another."

"I knew it must have been!" he cried out, bitterly.

Then, bending her head above, she said, with a mocking smile, which he evaded:

"It, perhaps, might have been a golden chain."
"Or a star, or a silver cup, or a jewel?"

"And cannot I bestow on you, if you will, one or all of them, or more than the value of a thousand, ten thousand, or a million of such baubles?"

"That would have been fairly won from a score or more of rivals?"

"While this or these, my own Tannhäuser," she sighingly sobs in his ears, throwing her milky arms around his head, and with a gentle force, constraining it to meet her bewildering glance, "are all simply offered you by my love."

What was he to do? On his knees before her, his arms engirdling her lithely supple waist, with his brow and fair locks bent upon her knees, he was once more lulled into forgetfulness.

But when once a regret or a caprice has been caused or has entered in the human brain, although lulled into slumber for a time, it is sure again to awaken.

So it chanced with the Minnesinger. The yearning to return to that world where, if not leading a purer life than he now did, he had, at least, the chance of occasionally seeing one or two who attempted to do so, came back to him, befooled with the memories of drinking bouts, strifes, and revels with his mates and superiors in rank. He could not endure always being tied to the apron-strings—supposing that, in her court, such an article of female dress had been in fashion—of the Lady Venus. Sometimes he would elude her watchfulness in the gayly sumptuous palace in which he dwelt under her guardianship. Then, when apart from her eyes, he would pine for his old life, and when again at her side, his prayers and reproaches would be anew bewildered into delight and love by her seductive caresses.

So days rolled on and on, until the pagan life he led palled upon him. Memories of his boyhood came gradually to his soul. To his intense astonishment, as not unoften many of us discover, he found out he had something resembling a conscience. While sitting at the feet of the Lady Venus, he looked up intently in her face, and again pleaded with her to permit him to return. Her laughter and smiles could not wear him from his desire, and in the bitterness of a sudden wrath, mingling with his new-sprung penitence, words which had not always been entirely strange to his earlier years, managed to find an utterance from his tongue.

"Mary—Mother—help me in my sore need!"

No sooner had the passionate prayer broken from his lips, than the loveliness of the Lady Venus vanished.

Nor did she pass from the sight of Tannhäuser alone.

With her, in the moment, porphyry and parian, yellow, gold, and crimson drapery, jeweltwinkling fountains, curving waist and ivory shoulder, flashing foot and flowing hair, pouting lip and smiling eye, all disappeared.

Once more he was standing upon the green hill-side. Behind him, from its rock-broken slope, jutted pine, and hemlock, and dwarf-oak. Under his feet was the turf, striped with lines or patches of bare and sandy soil. Before him was the narrow track he had been following on what now seemed but yesterday, and beneath it was stretched the Hürsel Lake. As the clear sunlight snote upon his brow, a terrible weight seemed to have been lifted from his heart. The fresh wind from the water swept through his hair as if with a purifying power. The past few months were with him merely as a dream. For the instant he had completely forgotten the details of the life which he had been living. It appeared to him that his horse must still be standing near the spot.

Ere he was fully conscious, it was no longer there. He heard a roughly hoarse voice chanting some country ditty, and the sound of two heavily shodden feet coming up the track. He looked in the direction the sound and song came from. A peasant soon appeared in sight. He was toiling along, laden on his back with a sack of grain. When he caught sight of the Minnesinger, he stood stock-still, staring stupidly at him.

"Eh, my good fellow!" cried Tannhäuser, in much the same tone a gentleman of the day would address a strange dog, "hast thou seen a horse I left standing here last night?"

"A horse! lieber Herr."

"A roan horse, with a white star on its forehead, steel-plated trappings, and a harp hanging from its saddle-bow."

"Last night!" ejaculated the man, with a perplexed and fear-troubled look at the questioner.

"Hast thou not heard me?" angrily demanded the Minnesinger.

"Why, that was the very horse I and one-eyed Hans—he had two eyes, then—found here, exactly seven years since. We took it to Wartburg, to the Landgraf Hermann, who is now dead—may the holy saints pray for his soul."

"The Landgraf dead!"

"Yes, mein Herr."

"When?"

"Two years since, last Christmas."

The Minnesinger lifted his hand, and pressed it against his forehead, throwing back his long hair as he did so.

"Art thou dreaming, fellow, or am I?"

On letting his hand sink from his brow, Tannhäuser's glance chanced to fall on his lace cuff and the sleeve of his doublet. They were both in rags. It hardly seemed as if they could hold together. His eyes sank downward. His boots were falling to pieces and his hose were hanging in tatters from his legs.

"I'm sure I'm not," slowly responded the man.

"The Landgraf said the horse had been his once."

"It was," muttered he with whom the man was speaking.

"He had given it to the great Minnesinger, Tannhäuser, who is, assuredly, as dead as he is."

"Thou liest, fool! I am Tannhäuser!"

The man dropped his sack of grain as the Minnesinger strode toward him. For an instant he stood still, and grasped the staff he held in his hand, as if meditating resistance to the ragged outlaw, as he believed the person approaching him to be. But as he looked in the face of Tannhäuser, convulsed with rage, he changed his idea of showing fight, and fled from the spot as swiftly as a cur does when menaced with a blow.

The Minnesinger did not pursue him. For a while he stood and thought deeply. While the time he had passed as the bond-slave of the wiles of the Lady Venus came back to his memory, the wrath which had colored it slowly faded from his face. It became troubled and pale, finally settling into sadness. Falling on his knees, on the very spot where he had first beheld her pagan loveliness, he prayed aloud to the one true God, with many tears.

CHAPTER III.

When Tannhäuser had quitted the side of the Hürsel Lake, he faced onward in the direction of Wartburg. He had traveled the road before, many times, when youth, his minstrel ambition and lev-

ity had complete dominion of his nature. Then he was mounted on his gallant roan, bravely attired, and in the young flush of his eager manhood. Now he was on foot, soiled and in tatters, while his weary footsteps slackened, ever and anon, upon the way. The road was long to him, and he soon wearied of it. He had never been used to such a mode of travel, and even if he had, long idleness, luxurious ease and wanton revelry must have crushed out his power of muscular endurance.

Hence it was only upon the second morning he arrived at a village some few miles distant from the castle of the deceased Landgraf.

He had fed at the humble tables of the cotters by the wayside. They gave freely, and without stint, of their coarse food, without asking, to the worn, begrimed and ragged man who would, in all probability, have passed their doors, nor have craved from them a crust even of black bread.

On entering the long and scattered street of the village, he saw that the doors of the church were widely open. Early as it might be, he knew it was the Sabbath morning. Toil was silent, save that of the housewife, whose busy hands were occupied in preparing a better than the week-day breakfast for her lord and master and their children. An unskillfully tutored voice was chanting the "Benedicite" to the few early worshippers who were within the sacred walls.

The morning sunbeam was just streaking the road in front of the church when the Minnesinger paused beside it.

Entering it, he knelt near the confessional. Some few curious looks wandered over his rent clothing as the scanty congregation dispersed. The priest paused and looked at him, possibly with a mutely rebellious longing for his meal which was then ready. But duty and faith mastered him. He went and listened to the penitent.

As he did so, he shrank back from the man who was speaking. To him—cooped up in that narrow village, where he only heard such daily sins as his faith charitably reckons venial—it appeared that Tannhäuser's wild tale embodied an unpardonable sin.

He dared not give him the absolution for which he prayed, but bade him go to some higher and wiser ecclesiastic than himself.

When the Minnesinger went forth from the village, none, who had seen him earlier on that morning, would have recognized him, save for his rags. A heavier age had settled on his face. A growing fear seamed the brow, which had in former days been so fair and noble, with deep wrinkles; and although he had scarcely reckoned more than forty years of age, his steps lagged. They were feeble and tottering.

On arriving by noontide at Wartburg, he made his way toward the dwelling of the abbot, whom he had formerly known. An aged woman—she was sitting in her doorway—saw him pass. Looking hard at his countenance, she said:

"But for his years, and knowing that the Minnesinger is dead, I should have well-nigh believed this ragged varlet was Tannhäuser."

Her words, which he overheard, gave him courage to overrule the unwillingness of the servitors to bear a message for him to the abbot. It was accompanied by a ring of price which that Father of the Church had formerly given him. This, and a gold chain he had received as guerdon for his song; from the Count of Flanders, were the only remaining jewels of those whose flash and shine had decorated his person but a few days since. The others, gifts from the Lady Venus, had disappeared with her, when he had given voice to his cry for help from the Virgin Mother.

In a short space, the servitor returned, and required Tannhäuser to follow him.

The abbot was an older man by many years than Tannhäuser. Good cheer and a placid conscience, or, rather, the entire want of one, now rendered him far younger in appearance than the haggard man who stood in his presence.

"I know this ring thou hast sent me, my son. Whence didst thou get it?"

"From yourself, holy father."

Changed, although the voice was, something in its tone, or the singularity of the words just spoken to him, stirred the digestive capabilities of the prelate's mind or stomach. Raising himself to an erect position on the cushioned chair in which he had been reclining, he queried:

"Who art thou?"

"Tannhäuser, the Minnesinger."

"Impossible!"

"Not so, father."

"Thou—I mean, he is dead."

"Alas, no! He stands before you."

The plump face of the abbot became wanly dubious. Conviction was battling with a very reasonable disbelief. In addition, he felt a keen regret that Tannhäuser—if indeed it was he—should not have presented himself at a later hour than the one immediately succeeding dinner. It interfered so decidedly with the repose then demanded by his body.

"Where hast thou so long been?"

"Hidden from human eyes, and buried in the blackness of sin."

"And what wouldst thou from me?"

"Absolution from it, holy father."

It was a cruel dilemma for the prelate. Conviction that Tannhäuser actually stood before him had ripened with every word he heard him utter. The long-hushed voice reasserted its claim upon his memory. But confession immediately after his principal Sabbath meal to a mitred abbot was an unheard-of thing. Curiosity, however—even a prelate might be excused for having a little, in such a case as this—urged him to listen. Besides, he remembered, he had formerly entertained some trifle of liking for the Minnesinger. And so, he permitted him to speak.

As the weirdly wild story rose from the lips of the kneeling man, the priest was changed. He had believed, in all probability, his confession would have detailed only the common vices of the time, to which his ears had grown hardened. The earnest passion of Tannhäuser's words impressed him with the belief that the Minnesinger was barely recounting facts. If so, how unspeakably great was the sin into which his careless love of wine and women had led him! Could he venture to afford him absolution for his seven years of service with the devil. Such did the abbot consider the Lady Venus. Haply, had his somewhat fleshy eyes actually seen her marvelous beauty, he might have hesitated in stripping her fair skin with so black a brush. At all events, removed as he himself was from her presence, religion asserted its dominancy in his mind. Never yet had such a scandal been intrusted him in the confessional. It was not in his power to pronounce the absolving words.

When he saw the look of wild agony on the countenance of the man with whom, in former days, he had eaten and drunken, and whose minstrelsy he had so often listened to, he, however, felt a keen desire to assist him in making his peace with offended heaven.

The abbot consequently summoned the head of his household.

He bade give the stranger—he did not name

the Minnesinger—food, raiment and a fitting chamber, bidding the latter rest for that night in peace.

On the following morning, after long thought, he dismissed Tannhäuser.

He had given him an humble letter, written by his own hand, to Pope Urban, fourth of that name, praying him, if he thought it fitting, after hearing the bearer's tale of heavy sin, to grant him absolution.

Urban the Fourth was an ascetically hard and stern man. Having trodden out with a vigorous will the fleshly inclinations and evil tendencies of his own nature, he had small pity for those who permitted temptation to overcome them. He was, however, conscientiously scrupulous in the fulfillment of all duties, and if the Minnesinger had repaid to him without the abbot's letter, would not have denied himself to his confession.

Consequently, on the day subsequent to Tannhäuser's arrival in Rome, he submitted the letter to the papal secretary, and on the morning immediately succeeding it, he was summoned to the presence of the Pontiff.

Urban did not listen to the trembling and horror-stricken confession of his sin by the Minnesinger, as either the village priest or the mitred abbot had done. Neither horror nor pity was visible on his grandly cold and impassive countenance. He put no question to him who was kneeling at his feet—satisfied, from the profound anguish expressed in his voice and countenance, that the penitent was telling him the whole story of his guilt. By degrees, his own features grew severe and more stern. They became like those of the pitiless Roman who presided over a gladiatorial combat, when he bent down his thumb in contemptuous negation to the mutely despairing appeal of the vanquished in the arena. But no sooner had Tannhäuser come to an end, than he indignantly thrust him back. It was as if he believed his very touch must bring contamination. With a terrible frown lowering on his brow, he exclaimed:

"Such a sin as thine can never be remitted. Sooner shall this dead staff I lift in my hand bear leaf and blossom than the Almighty One shall pardon thee."

Rising to his feet, without the utterance of another word—blinded and drunken with his despair, the crushed and broken singer staggered from the presence of the Pontiff. The noonday sun was blazing in the middle heaven—music was swelling in the Fane of St. Peter's, and dying through the surrounding air with far-away and further murmurs—men and women in garbs of black and gray and gay colors were thronging the streets. The stricken Minnesinger neither felt nor heard nor saw anything.

It so chanced that three days had passed by before Pope Urban laid his hand on his Pastoral Staff. What was it that he saw when he did so?

In the interval since he had grasped it, it had put forth bud and bloom. He at the first recoiled from it amazed. Then he remembered the words he had spoken to his strange penitent, and knew that God had shown him His ways are not like those of man, and His mercy is far greater than that of the purest of His servants.

So he demanded Tannhäuser.

The Minnesinger had quitted Rome.

He then ordered him to be followed and brought back. None had seen him leaving the Eternal City. But Urban was accustomed to obedience. Couriers and messengers were at once dispatched in every direction. One of these got some tidings of him. It was in a little village beyond the Campagna. He was then traveling to the North. Day by day he gradually gained upon him. Not that the Minnesinger went slowly, but the pursuit of the Papal courier was quickened, both by the fear of reprimand and the hope of reward. At length, almost worn out by his persistent pursuit, he arrived at Wartburg.

Tannhäuser had passed through the place, scarcely an hour before he entered it.

The man still followed him, verifying his progress by inquiries from all he met, until he at last came to the upper end of the Hirsell Lake. The Minnesinger was returning to the spot where he had been insured by the Lady Venus. His pursuer saw a jaded and wearied horse feeding on the grass near the shore. From the description which had been so repeatedly given him, he knew it to be the steed of Tannhäuser.

Near the animal he also saw a young tree. It was shaped like the Pastoral Crozier of his master, Urban. Although now Autumn, it was covered with fresh green leaves and buds and blossoms.

He continued his search no further.

When, on his return to Rome, he told his tale to the successor of St. Peter, the Pontiff buried his head reverently, acknowledging that God's mercy had saved the Minnesinger from a relapse into sin. From that hour, although he judged guilt as purely as he had before done, he did so with far more pity.

EGYPTIAN PEASANTS.

LARGE in stature, and remarkable for his statuesque beauty, the appearance of the fellah is very striking. He has the true oval head peculiar to the Arab type; brilliant eyes, slanting up toward the outer angles; a well-shaped mouth, with the lips slightly projecting, and superb teeth; a well-formed aquiline nose, with the nostrils large and open like those of the negro; a small chin, and rather thin beard.

His complexion varies with the region of his abode, being darker toward the south. In the Delta, he is of a light bronze, and in upper Egypt quite black. His cotton shirt is the only garment he indulges in; but, falling in graceful folds about his fine figure, he wears it with no less dignity than if it were a Roman toga.

Degraded by slavery, and his constant practice of taking alms, the fellah can scarcely be regarded as a responsible moral being. Indolent and a fatalist, he never works, except when forced to do so by absolute necessity. There is but one thing that he cares for—repose; he has but one occupation—beggary.

The blue chemise of the fellahines, falling from the shoulders to a little above the ankle, and open at the breast, is decidedly picturesque. The veil which they wear is also blue. It is thrown over the head, and falls about them in ample folds. Sometimes, when they want to hide their faces, they catch hold of this fluttering blue banner with their beautiful teeth, and partially effect their object. The fellahines are sometimes tattooed upon forehead and chin, and they dye their nails with henna.

In the country you often meet them unvalued; and I have sometimes seen a great beauty among them, preserving so astonishingly the Egyptian type that you feel as if you were looking at one of the old sculptures of Athos or of Isis awakened to life. But really to appreciate the grace of the fellahine, you must see her returning from the river, with a jug of water upon her head. Her bare arms bent back to hold her burden, her garment draped about her body like a Greek tunic, and falling in numerous folds, straight and clinging, she walks proudly forward, with a slow and

measured step. Like that of the masterpieces of antiquity, her expression is grave, serene and harmonious; and in her grand and simple poses she emulates the basket-bearers of the sacred processions. In the greatest works of art we do not find more dignity and grace than is sometimes displayed by these peasants of the Nile valley.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Funeral Ceremonies in Holland.

In Holland the dead are carried slowly to their last resting-place in a large hearse, heavily draped with velvet and surmounted with plumes. The number of mourners accompanying each varies, from six to ten, according to the means and station of the dead. They march at the head of the funeral procession. Their hair is done up in queues, and they dress entirely in black. They are almost enveloped in large cloaks, wear a white choker round the neck, and assume a lugubrious expression of countenance befitting the solemnity of the occasion. In cases where persons are too poor to employ mourners, their associations follow them gratuitously, and help to inter them. In such instances the coffin is followed to the grave by a long file of men dressed in black, and wearing a badge on the left arm, on which is inscribed the insignia of the Order.

A Concert on Cheops Pyramid.

On the 2d of last January a number of prominent ladies and gentlemen set out from Cairo to Gizeh. Upon their arrival a part of the company remained with the ladies at the foot of the Chufu or Cheops Pyramid, while several of the gentlemen ascended, accompanied by a number of fellahs. The weather was delightful; not a breath of air disturbed the atmosphere; the dark-blue sky was clear, and in the bright sunlight shone the vast expanse of the desert, the Mokattam Mountains (at the base of which Cairo lies), the shores of the Nile, and the Pyramids, two miles distant from Sakkarah. The beautiful strains of music floated calmly through the air. One of the gentlemen played a prelude by Chopin, a Hungarian hymn, a Turkish melody, and, with another gentleman, a duet, by Spohr. The mellow tones resounded to the foot of the mountain, and were heard by the party below. A repast was served to the musicians, upon their descent, at the Viceregal Palace near by. The concert scene we illustrate.

Present State of the Vienna Exposition Building.

On the 1st of May next a Universal Exposition—to continue for six months—will be opened in Vienna, comprising the ensemble of the products of the intelligence and work of all civilized nations. The place chosen for the Exposition is the Park of the Prater, situated in the environs of Vienna, on the banks of the Danube. The Park is very large and picturesque. The Exposition-grounds will occupy a superficial area five times greater than that of the Paris Exposition of 1867, that is to say, about 500 acres, 35 or 40 of which will be covered by the goods and articles to be displayed in the various buildings and booths. The covered space at the Paris Exposition was larger by about two acres and a half. In the middle of the Exposition Palace there will be a cupola twice as large as that of St. Peter's at Rome. The Committee intend to group the products of the different countries in the order which the latter occupy upon the globe—from east to west. The cupola is all that is destined to remain permanently; the other buildings will be demolished. There are two other large structures for the reception of merchandise and for the display of fine arts. Our illustration shows the present condition of the building.

The Races at La Marche, Paris, France.

The steeple-chases of La Marche, in the environs of Paris, opened in the first week in March, the Spring racing season of the Société Hippique of the gay capital of France. After the races of La Marche came those of Porchefontaine, on Sunday, March 10th. This "meeting," however, does not attract such a brilliant throng of ladies and gentlemen as the former event, which has the advantage of opening the season, and is therefore the greater novelty, which is the more attractive because of the trip along the charming promenade and drive which lead from the Boulevards of Paris to the Park of La Marche, crossing, as they do, the Champs-Élysées, the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, and ascending the hill of Montretout, bordered with pretty villa houses. From the summit of this rather steep hill the eye can see a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country, and of Paris, lit up in its immensity by the rays of the sun; also, the Courts of the Seine, the girdle of forts around the city, and the waving undulations of the horizon. The Park of La Marche belongs to the Marquis de La Mothe-Fénelon, who has rented it to the Société Hippique for racing purposes. The château and the farm-house are near by, in a cluster of trees. The park fortunately contains several ponds and streams. Its grounds have been tastefully laid out, and are kept in complete order. The two days' racing drew a large crowd, including many prominent sportsmen of both sides of the Channel.

The Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, at Turin.

The Duke and Duchess of Aosta—ex-King and Queen of Spain—arrived at Turin on March 9th. They had been expected for three days, and were welcomed with immense enthusiasm. The whole city betokened a holiday aspect, and every one was out in his or her "Sunday best," to do honor and homage to the young ex-King and his wife. In the evening there was speech-making and merry-making, dining, wining and illuminations. The royal couple were received by Prince Humbert, in the uniform of a general, and by Prince Carignan, in the uniform of an admiral, in a state carriage. When the royal hosts and their royal guests met, hats were tossed skyward, handkerchiefs waved, cannon fired from the forts, and, for twenty minutes, a perfect shower of flowers descended upon the carriage containing the ex-King and Queen and the Princes Humbert and Carignan. Our sketch shows the procession passing through the square of St. Charles. The pedestal of the monument to Emmanuel Philibert was packed with the crowd of sight-seers. It resembled a veritable pyramid of human beings.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A RECENT trial at Shan Ting shows that a Chinese judge is nearly as sentimental as the average French jurymen who find "extenuating circumstances" for the acts of the worst criminals. The assassin of a high official, murdered twelve years ago, gave himself up to the authorities, and when placed on trial, avowed his act in these words: "The man," he said, "whom I assassinated, caused, twelve years ago, the death of my father by giving false testimony against him. Since the day my father was beheaded, I have followed everywhere, step by step, the perjurer whom I had sworn to kill. If all that time I delayed taking revenge, it was because, in the event of my being condemned for murder, there would be no one to render funeral honors to my mother, for I was her only son. She died three months ago, and I have killed my father's murderer. If I have delayed surrendering myself, it was because I had important affairs to arrange." The Judge did not reproach this candid criminal with taking the law into

his own hands, but, much to the satisfaction of the spectators, set him free for "having shown great filial attachment."

By the 6th of September next not a German soldier will be found on French soil. The four departments of the Vosges, the Ardennes, the Meuse, the Meurthe-et-Moselle, as well as the fortress and arrondissement of Belfort, will be evacuated in July, and from that time until the 5th of September, when the occupation will be brought to a final close, Verdun alone will remain in the hands of the enemy. France was disgracefully beaten in the war; but the energy she has exhibited under the skillful and spirited leadership of M. Thiers in meeting one of the most terrible consequences of her defeat has no parallel in the history of the Old or the New World.

An interesting discovery has recently been made by Dr. Jeutsch of remains of pile-dwellings in the bed of the Elster, near Leipzig. These traces of prehistoric man, which are so common in the lakes of Switzerland, and of some other parts of Southern Europe, are very rare in Central Germany; and, so far as we remember, no indications of the practice of building upon piles have hitherto been found so far north as Leipzig. In the immediate district no traces of its prehistoric inhabitants have previously been met with. These remains, which were discovered during operations in the bed of the river at Plagwitz, consist of a number of oaken piles, sharpened at the bottom, which have been driven into a bed of clay in rows, and a number of oak trunks lying horizontally in the same level as the upper end of the piles. The whole was covered with a considerable thickness of loam. The lower jaw of an ox, fragments of the antlers of deer, long bones of some mammal not yet determined, and shells of freshwater muscles, have been found, besides pieces of charcoal and rough pottery; and in the loam, about five feet below the surface, there were two stone axes with ground edges.

The Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been rejected by the British House of Lords, whereupon the *Morning Advertiser* remarks: "We are utterly at a loss to account for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh recording their opinions in favor of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. It appears, however, that they have done so; for appended to the official division list of the House of Lords on the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill is the list of Peers for and against the measure; and higgledy-piggledy in this list, without any distinction of rank or alphabetical order, we find among the 'fords,' 'Wales, Prince of,' and 'Edinburgh, Duke of.' Of course, their Royal Highnesses, as members of the House of Peers, have the privilege of voting on any measure brought before it; but as they have hitherto, perhaps wisely, eschewed voting, and so seldom exercised their privileges on questions which are only partly political, their coming forward in this particular instance to give a definite expression of opinion on a question of a very delicate nature, and which has created a very strong feeling socially, is certainly noticeable. It is not easy to imagine a motive for their action in this matter, nor to imagine that they considered it a point of duty to record their opinions on this irritating topic. We shall not attempt to search for a reason for their strange proceeding; but we make bold to protest against it as an injudicious one, considering the position they hold in the State and in Society."

From the first, the hostility of the grandes of Spain against the Democratic monarch was united, determined and persistent; so much so that any effort to mitigate it was speedily recognized to be hopeless. The court consisted wholly of new people—liberals ennobled by the new King, and business people. A strange device of the female aristocrats was adopted to indicate to the Queen that they considered her an interloper. The white mantilla fastened to a high tortoise-shell comb was, in the old days, the universal headgear of Spanish ladies. The grand ladies, at the instigation, it is said, of the Marchioness of Alcanices—better known as Duchess of Morny—determined to revive this costume, and to appear in it simultaneously one day on the afternoon drive in the Prado. The day arrived. Parisian bouquets gave place to the white mantilla, and bewildering coiffures to the plain braided locks and the high tortoise-shell comb. The Queen, as she drove, noticed the strange change of fashion, and innocently pointed it out to her husband, wondering, in her foreign simplicity, what it meant. Had the matter ended there it would have been well. The paltriness of the motive took away the sting of the slight. When the ladies of the Spanish noblesse chose to indicate in this tortuous fashion to the Queen that they were Spaniards of the bluest blood, and that she was a foreigner, unentitled to recognition as a Spaniard, they only told the royal couple and the Spanish people what both knew well already. But Sagasta, who was Prime Minister at the time, could not see that dignified indifference was the best retort. He sought out a number of the best known women of disreputable character, had them arrayed in white mantillas and tortoise-shell combs, found for them handsome private carriages, and suddenly turned the good-for-nothing cortege on to the Prado to mingle with the dames of ancient lineage and reputations untarnished. It was *savoir qui peut* with the noble ladies. Madrid took up the coarse and undignified joke. Some of the women were mobbed as they drove home in a splendor to them so unwonted, their mantillas were torn off, and the tortoise-shell combs seriously maltreated. It is not certain but that some of the ladies were handled after the same fashion; anyhow Sagasta's coup abolished white mantillas on the Prado. No one insinuates that either the King or Queen was privy to a retaliation of a character so questionable.

SCIENTIFIC.

PLANT BAROMETERS.—A Prussian horticulturist has made some interesting observations, which tend to show the usefulness of certain plants as weather guides. Thus he finds that the different varieties of clover contract their leaves on the approach of rain; when the leaves of chickweed unfold, and its flowers remain erect till midday, fair weather is at hand; but the closing of the flowers of the wood anemone indicate that rain is imminent. His studies extend to many other plants than those we have mentioned.

IMPROVED TRACING PAPER.—Puscher, of Nuremberg has lately suggested a solution of castor oil in absolute alcohol for the purpose of manufacturing a tracing paper. The oil is to be diluted with one, two, or three times its bulk of alcohol, according to the thickness of the paper and the amount consequently required for rendering it transparent. This can be laid on by means of a sponge; and in a very few minutes after the application the paper will be dry, transparent and ready for use. It will readily receive the mark of a pencil or India ink, and as by immersion in absolute alcohol the oil can be removed, the paper can be restored to its original condition, if desired.

CAPTAIN DENAROUZE has recently exhibited in the Catacombs of Paris a safety-apparatus, for preserving life in an atmosphere of carbonic acid. A miner carries on his back a knapsack filled with pure air; from this a tube is conveyed to the mouth, and the nostrils are closed by a spring. The lamp fastened to the

miner's chest is also connected with this portable air chamber. In this way the man and his light are perfectly independent of the surrounding atmosphere in which he is working, so that he can work with impunity in a fatal atmosphere of firedamp. The knapsack is itself connected by a tube with a large reservoir of air at some distance from the fatal atmosphere. In this way the miner or diver obtains a constant interchange of pure air from his own resources, and does not require to pump it from a distance.

NEWS BREVITIES.

ALABAMA corn is up and ready to be hoed.

A DISPATCH from Rome says the Pope is ill.

THE *Silver Tray* has foundered off San Antonio.

CAPITAL punishment has been abolished in Michigan.

HARTFORD's income from water-rents last year was \$83,000.

THE Carlists are reported to have shot 60 prisoners at Berga.

SOME Chinese of San Francisco have become successful pickpockets.

A BURGLAR was shot at No. 51 West Twenty-ninth Street on April 2d.

THE severity of the Winter is said to have been very fatal to snakes in England.

THE Emperor of Austria has given his sanction to the Electoral Reform Bill.

THE total meat supply of Great Britain last year averaged 78 pounds for each person.

THE bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £640,000 during the past week.

THE twenty-fifth annual conference of the New York E. C. M. met on the 2d instant.

THE Church of England establishment in India cost the Government £165,000 a year.

MICHAEL NIXON was sentenced to death on the 3d instant for murdering Charles Phylly.

THE specie in the Bank of France has increased 5,300,000 francs during the past week.

FORTY ocean steamers have been lost in the Pacific waters since the American occupation of California.

THE Parliament of New South Wales has voted the sum of \$200,000 to aid emigration to that colony.

SECRETARY RICHARDSON says the May coupons will be paid on presentation, with rebate, as heretofore.

FIFTEEN Detroit clergymen have published a letter to Governor Dix commending his course in the Foster case.

AN Ohio congregation recently pelted the pastor with unmarketable eggs, for preaching a temperance sermon.

THE amount of fines imposed on delinquent members of the New York police force during last March was \$2,081.89.

PRINCE CHARLES, of Roumania, has assured the Sublime Porte that he will not appoint a diplomatic agent at Washington.

M. BERTHÉMY, who formerly represented the French Government at Washington, has been appointed Envoy to Japan.

THERE have been nearly 16,000 smallpox cases in Philadelphia during the last two years. Of these, 26 per cent. proved fatal.

THE Curé of Santa Cruz has arrived at Vera, with the troops in close pursuit. His uncle and sister have fled into France.

A DISCOVERY of extensive deposits of borax in the Colorado desert are reported. Large numbers of prospectors are going to the place.

THE Commune has been declared in the Province of Salamanca. Some rioting followed, but it was suppressed by the *gens d'armes*.

THE Commissioners sent from Wisconsin to Vienna will have to pay their own expenses, the Legislature refusing to make any provision.

GEORGE BIDWELL, one of the men alleged to have been implicated in the frauds on the Bank of England, has been arrested in Edinburgh.

A DISTURBANCE occurred in the artillery barracks at Valencia. Several men were killed or wounded. Order has been restored. Particulars of the affair are not published.

THE office of dog-killer pays better than any other office in St. Louis. Last year the city dog-killer snuffed out the light of 8,000 canines, and pocketed therefor the snug competence of \$24,000.

GENERAL DE CHANZY has informed the French Committee on Capitulation that the Government has received its report on Marshal Bazaine's case, and has decided to proceed with the trial by court-martial.

THE corner-stone recently laid for the new American church in Rome by Rev. Mr. Nevins, is really as well as figuratively an American corner-stone, having been sent from Dr. Nevins' former parish in Bethlehem, Pa.

MRS. JOHN B. LISK, of Luke, of Morgan County, Mo., while in the act of jumping from a train, was caught between the cars and crushed to death. Her husband with an infant in his arms, succeeded in reaching the platform unhurt.

SEVEN THOUSAND Minie rifles, the first installment of the 15,000 promised, have been forwarded to Barcelona for distribution among the people. The Armament Committee there is preparing a levy *en masse* for the defense of the Province.

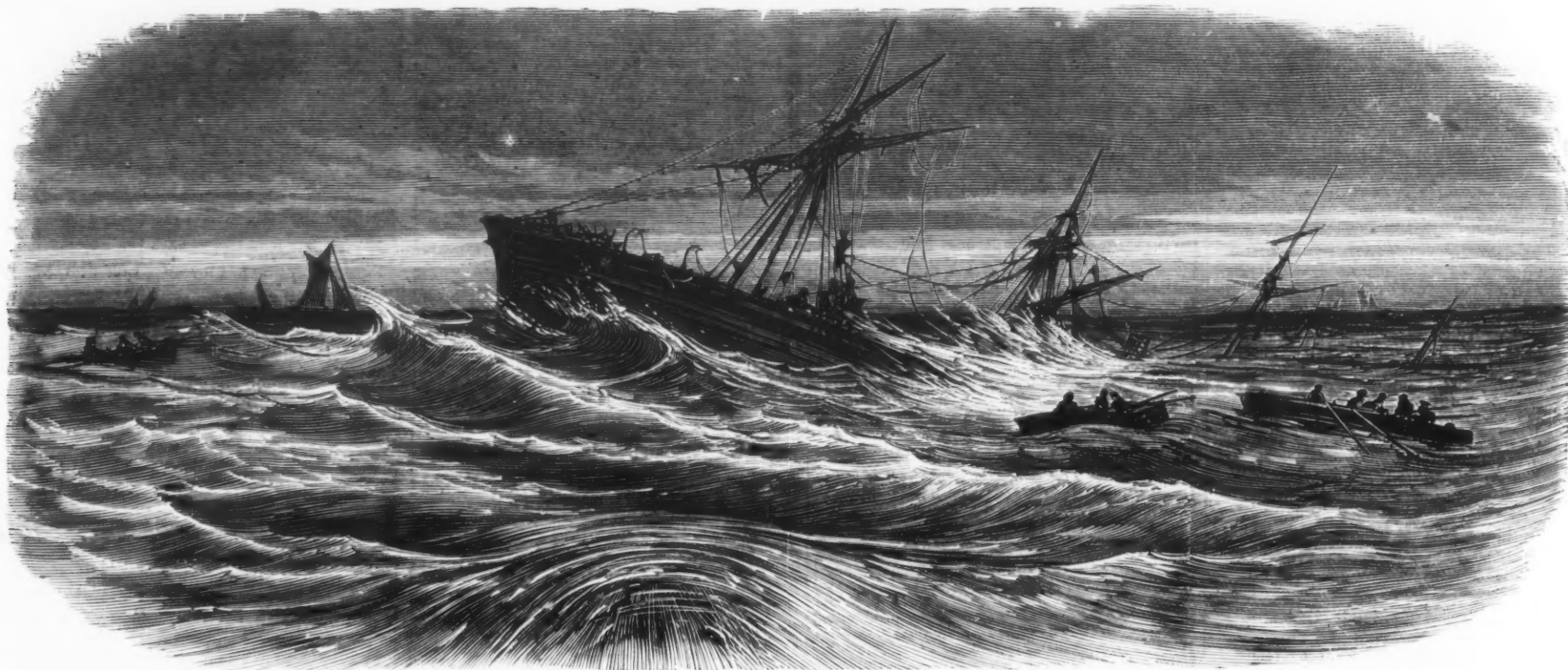
THE clerical papers at Rome rejoice at the abdication of King Amadeus, and dragging in the fall of Napoleon III., which came not long after that of Maximilian, express the hope that the last hour of the dynasty of Savoy will soon strike.

PARIS has been carried away with the romantic story of Ting Sang, a Chinese adventurer, who made a fortune by petroleum speculations in Omaha, lost it by starting a newspaper in Baltimore, and is now engaged in sweeping the Rue Lafayette.

THE boating clubs of the various Eastern colleges elected for the ensuing year: President, J. H. Cook, of Yale; Vice-President, F. C. Eldred, of Amherst Agricultural; Secretary, A. J. Boardman, of Bowdoin; Treasurer, E. M. Hartwell, of Amherst.

A young daughter of Mrs. Griffin, of McLeansborough, Ill., in a recent railway accident, received a jet of steam full in her face, and was horribly scalded about the head and upper part of the body. Her eyes were put out. It is thought that she cannot recover.

IN order to secure a more creditable appearance to Austrian troops at the maneuvers to be held during Exhibition time, a grant of 150 florins has been made to each regiment, of 50 florins to each battalion, and 12 florins to each battery, for the purchase of extra pipe-clay, polish, etc.



EARLY MORNING—SCENE OF THE WRECK.

LOSS

OF THE

"ATLANTIC."

(Continued from page 89.)

into the rigging and outside the rails, and encouraged them to go forward, where the ship was highest and less exposed to the water. The third officer, Mr. Brady—Quartermasters Owens and Speakman by this time having established communication with the outlying rock, about forty yards distant by measure of a line—got four other lines to the rock, along which about two hundred people passed. Between the rock and the shore was a passage 100 yards wide. A rope was successfully passed across this, by which means about fifty got to the land, though many were drowned in the attempt. At five A. M. the first boat appeared from the island, but she was too small to be of any assistance. Through the exertions of Mr. Brady, the third officer, the islanders were aroused, and by six A. M. three larger boats came to our assistance.

By their efforts, all that remained on the side of the ship and on the rock were landed in safety, and cared for by a poor fisherman named Clancy, and his daughter. During the day the survivors, to the number of 429, were drafted off to the various houses scattered about, the resident magistrate, Edmund Ryan, rendering valuable assistance. The chief officer

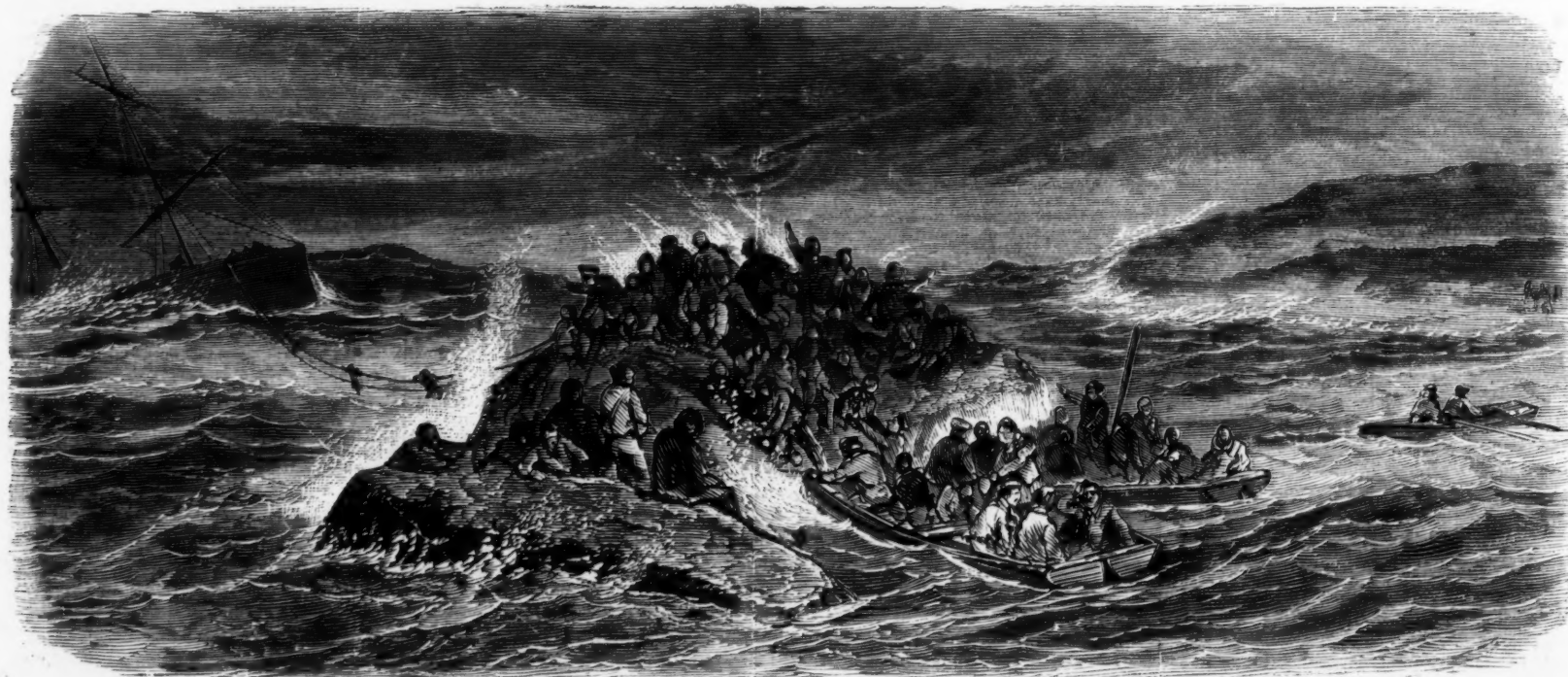
having got up the mizzens rigging, the sea cut off his retreat. He stood for six hours by a woman who had been placed in the rigging. The sea was too high to attempt his rescue. At three P. M., a clergyman, Rev. Mr. Ancient, succeeded in getting him a line and taking him off. Many of the passengers, saloon and steerage, died in the rigging from cold; among the number, the Purser of the ship.

Before the boats went out I placed two ladies in the lifeboat, but finding the boat useless, carried them to the main rigging, where I left them, and went aft to encourage others to go forward on the side of the ship. At this juncture the boilers exploded and the boat rolled over to leeward, the ship at this time being on her beam ends. Finding myself useless there, I went to take the ladies forward, but found them gone, nor did I see them afterward. Many passengers at this time could not be stimulated to save themselves, but lay in the rigging and died from fright and exposure.

I remained on the side, encouraging, helping and directing, until about fifteen were landed, when, finding that my hands and legs were becoming useless, I left the ship, two other boats being close to, and embarked the remainder. On reaching the shore I dispatched Mr. Brady, third officer, to Halifax, across the country, to telegraph the news of the disaster and



THE DEAD BODIES STREWN ALONG THE BEACH OF MARR'S ISLAND



FISHERMEN TAKING THE RESCUED PERSONS FROM THE ROCK TO THE SHORE.

NOVA SCOTIA.—LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC"—SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING AND AFTER THE WRECK.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. BECKER.



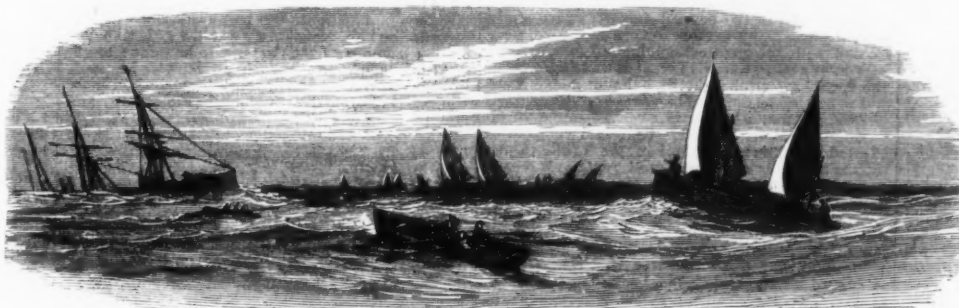
THE FISHERMAN CLANCY AND HIS DAUGHTER ADMINISTERING TO THE WANTS OF THE SHIPWRECKED PEOPLE.

obtain assistance. Mr. Morrow, the Cunard line agent, promptly responded, and sent two steamers, with provisions, to convey the survivors to Halifax, where they will be cared for and forwarded to New York, the first opportunity, in charge of the first and fourth officers, the third officer and four men being left at the island to care for the dead as they come ashore. Captain Sheridan, diver, has received provisional authority as to the salvage of the cargo and materials.

The second officer was lost with No. 30 lifeboat.

THE CHIEF OFFICER'S STATEMENT.

The next in order is the story of J. W. Firth, the chief officer. He said: My watch ended at twelve o'clock on Mon-



FISHERMEN'S BOATS GOING TO THE WRECK.

day night. The second and fourth officers took charge, and I went to my berth. I was aroused by the shock of the vessel striking. The second officer came down to my room and said the ship was ashore, and he was afraid she was gone. I put on a few articles of clothing, got an ax and went on deck to clear the boats. The ship had careened over before I reached the deck. I cleared the two starboard boats. Just then a heavy sea swept the boats away. I was holding fast to the mizzen-mast rigging, and now climbed higher for safety. The night was so dark and the spray below so thick, that we could not see well what was going on around us. I saw men on the rocks, but did not know how they got there. All who were alive on board were in the rigging.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER "DELTA" AT HALIFAX FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRECK—THE SURVIVORS LANDING ON THE DOCK.

NOVA SCOTIA.—LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC"—SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING AND AFTER THE WRECK.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOS. BECKER.

When daylight came, I counted thirty-two persons in the mizzen-mast rigging with me, including one woman. When these saw that there were lines between the ship and the shore, many of them attempted to go forward to the lines, and, in doing so, were washed overboard and drowned. Many reached the shore by the aid of the lines, and the fishermen's boats rescued many more. At last, all had either been washed off or rescued, except myself, the woman and a boy. The sea had become so rough that the boats could not venture near us. Soon the boy was washed off, but he swam gallantly, and reached one of the boats in safety. I got a firm hold of the woman, and secured her in the rigging. I could see the people on shore and in the boats, and could hail them, but they were unable to help us. At two o'clock in the afternoon, after we had been in the rigging ten hours, the Rev. Mr. Ancient, a Church of England clergyman, whose noble conduct I can never forget while I live, got a crew of four men to row him out to the wreck. He got into the main rigging and procured a line, then advanced as far as he could, and threw it to me. I caught it, made it fast around my body, and then jumped clear. A sea swept me off the wreck, but Mr. Ancient held fast to the line, pulled me back, and got me safely in the boat. I was then so exhausted and benumbed that I was hardly able to do anything for myself, and but for the clergyman's gallant conduct, I must have perished soon.

(Mr. Ancient rescuing the chief officer from a watery grave is illustrated.)

The woman, after bearing up with remarkable strength under her great trials, had died two hours before Mr. Ancient arrived. Her half-nude body was still fast in the rigging, her eyes protruding, her mouth foaming, a terribly ghastly spectacle, rendered more ghastly by the contrast with numerous jewels which sparkled on her hands. We had to leave her body there, and it is probably there yet. The scene at the wreck was an awful one, such as I had never before witnessed, and hope never to witness again. Comparatively few bodies drifted ashore; most of them, with such articles as came out of the ship, while I was on her, were carried out to sea.

STATEMENT OF A CABIN PASSENGER.

Freeman D. Mackwald, of New York, a cabin passenger, was interviewed by a reporter, and stated: I turned into my berth at nine o'clock on Monday night, and was aroused by the shock of the ship striking. All the men in the cabin rushed on deck to see what was wrong. I went into the saloon on deck, and observed by a clock that the time was three o'clock and twenty minutes. Rockets were being fired from the steamer. Within fifteen minutes from the time the ship struck, she careened over. The captain, who, with his officers, behaved bravely, cried out: "Take to the rigging; it's your last chance." At daybreak, the fishermen's boat came out and rescued a number of us, and landed us on Mart's Island.

The handful of people on the island warmly welcomed us, gave us food and clothing, and did all for us that they could. Edmund Ryan, a magistrate, and Dennis Ryan and their wives, were especially active in ministering to our wants.

There were three boats' crews whose names deserve a high place on the roll of honor: the first boat was manned by Dennis Ryan, James Collin, Frank Ryan, John Blackburn and Benjamin Blackburn; the second by James O'Brien, Michael O'Brien, Patrick Dollard, William Lairy and T. J. Torg. I regret that I have not the names of the other crew. To these men belong chiefly the credit of having, at the risk of their own lives, rescued from a terrible death four hundred and twenty-nine souls. They, as well as others of whose bravery I have heard, should certainly receive some reward for their noble conduct. Among the passengers coming up in the *Delta* there were ringing praises of the gallant trio of boats' crews already referred to: of Rev. Mr. Ancient, who rescued the perishing chief officer; of Third Officer Brady and of Quartermaster Speakman and Owens, who first established communication with the shore.

The kindness of the Prospect people was also universally acknowledged and praised.

STATEMENT OF QUARTERMASTER THOMAS.

In addition to the foregoing narratives, we append the following, which will be found more interesting. Robert Thomas said: At 2 o'clock I went upon the bridge with the second officer, Mr. Metcalf, and told him not to stand into the land so, as the ship had run her distance to make the Sambre light from my calculations. He told me that I was neither captain nor mate. I then went to the fourth officer (Brown), and asked him if I should go on the main yards, as he would not see land until he struck on it. He told me that it was no use for me to go up. I then relieved the man at the wheel, and at 2.30 o'clock the second officer told the captain, who was reposing in the chart-room, that the weather was getting thick. The second officer went outside of the chart-room. The man on the lookout called out: "Ice ahead!" They were among the ice, and shortly after the ship struck. The time was fifteen minutes after three. I put the helm hard starboard, and reversed the engines full speed astern. I left the wheelhouse, and went to the after wheelhouse and got the axes out and distributed them, for the purpose of cutting away the gear about the boats.

A little boy and his mother, named Munney, both steerage passengers, with her brother, Alfred Munney, all from London, were lost. She called to me after she came out of the after steerage, and said to me, "Robert, where are you?" I said, "I am here." She said, "Save me!" I took the mother and child on the saloon deck, and told her to stay there until I could get the boats clear to put her and the boy into. The ship suddenly listed over, they lost their hold on the rail, were swept overboard, and sunk to rise no more. I think they have some friends or relations at Yonkers, Westchester County, N. Y., as I received an address to the above effect the night before.

William Purdy, quartermaster, was the first who attempted to swim ashore, but when going he said, "Good-by, Thomas; will you come with me?" I replied that I wanted to save the boy and his mother. Then I saw that the boy and mother were swept away. I swam on shore, and when I landed on the rock a passenger called out, "Save me!" which I did. I traversed from rock to rock, falling sometimes from exhaustion, with this man with me, until I found the Signal Port, a place which the fishermen have to look out and signalize boats. I then called out for help. Two old men and a boy came to our assistance, and I went to the house with them and procured a line, and then retraced my steps to the beach, where I saw a lot of passengers and crew upon the rock. Speakman, the quartermaster, swam toward me with a line from the rock, and I have my line and caught him and pulled him ashore. As soon as I had done so we landed in the line which he had from the rock, and made fast the end of my line to it, so as to make it stronger. As soon as I got the line made fast I told those who were on the rock to come on ashore one

by one, as I would save them. (We have illustrated this scene on another page.)

The first man saved in this way I do not know, but the second one was Mr. Brady, the third officer; I saved in this manner about seventy, as near as I can remember. In some instances, as the line was some distance overhead, and the persons too exhausted, I had to reach down and pull them up; some I had to go into the water (which was out of my depth) for, with a line around my waist. In these cases the two old men would drag me and the man I rescued ashore. I remained there from four o'clock till nine, when I fell down through exhaustion. One of the stewards and somebody else came and relieved me, and I was carried away to a house where I was kindly cared for. As soon as I recovered sufficient strength, I was conveyed in a boat to the mainland, and went to Mr. Ryan's, the magistrate, where I was kindly treated and attended to, as I had the cramp. The chief steward and another man, who threw his arms around the steward's neck when coming ashore on the rope, were drowned at my feet. The reason that I could not render assistance in this case, was that the two old men went away with a man that I had rescued, as they feared he would perish; therefore there was no one present to haul me ashore if I had jumped off the rocks after them.

Several other statements were made by some of the survivors, which are all very interesting, but differ little from each other in the essential points. There are, however, matters contained in a few of them which are worthy of mention as bearing upon the incidents we illustrate.

For instance, William Hogan, of Waterford, in his narrative, tells that at six o'clock on the morning of Tuesday a small boat came to the assistance of those on the rock; but the sea was so heavy that they could not rescue any of the people upon it. A quarter of an hour afterward a man on shore wrote on a blackboard, "Cheer up; the boats are coming to your assistance."

He goes on to say, in another part of his story: "About half an hour afterward we saw some men carrying a boat over the rocks on the island, and in a few minutes they launched her and went to the rock, from which they rescued three boat-loads of passengers, or about thirty-six persons. During the time they were rescuing these men from the rock, the Captain and the passengers on the ship called loudly to those in the boat to come to the ship and take them off first, as they were in most imminent danger. The Captain called out to the men in the boat to come to the vessel and he would give them \$500 for every boat-load they would rescue. The boat commenced taking men from the ship, and rescued two boat-loads, and in half an hour afterward another boat came to their assistance, and took off those persons who were clinging to the rigging. A third boat came off with the third officer, Brady, who had succeeded in getting to the shore previously by the aid of ropes. I got into this boat, with several others, and landed in safety. When I left, about eighty persons still remained on the side of the vessel and the rigging. Those remaining when I left seemed quite cool, and confident of being rescued. I being wet through to the skin, and much exhausted from the cold, crawled, as I could scarcely walk, to the nearest house, where there were a great many persons before me. We were treated with the greatest kindness. In about an hour after getting warmed I went down to the wreck, and it was a fearful sight to behold. Some were still remaining on the vessel; others had been washed up on the beach, which was strewn around in all directions, with dead bodies. I saw one woman who exerted herself in getting out of the cabin to the rigging; but as no one could render her any assistance, she froze to death there. She seemed to have been lashed to the mast. I saw that no more assistance could be rendered, so I, with some others, got into a skiff and rowed to a fisherman's house, where the first, third and sixth engineers were, with about fifteen others. We took dinner, and afterward we thought it the best plan to walk to the city, as the accommodation was meagre, so many people being there from the wreck. We started at half-past one in the afternoon. The roads were in a fearful condition—a foot of snow in most places—but as we received refreshments in two places along the route, which helped us, we arrived in the city at a quarter to eleven o'clock, and saw the Mayor, who directed us to the police station, where we were taken care of in a first-class manner.

THE SCENE UPON THE BEACH.

When day dawned on Thursday morning, although the night previous had been a stormy one, the waters of Prospect Harbor were calm and smooth as glass. The numerous inlets and surrounding straits which separated the rocky masses studding the coast were thronged by fishermen's boats of every description. These composed the wrecking fleet, each boat of which was equipped with grappling-irons, drags and ropes, bent upon gathering their sad harvest.

People, filled with curiosity, examined every rocky surface and piece of the beach along the water line in quest of bodies or fragments of the wreck. Over a granite mass, and on the shore, beyond a large block of stone, lay rows of poor creatures, stark, staring, dead! Side by side were they—young and old, strong and weak, boy and girl—still in death! In every posture, too—over, across, arm on each other, half recumbent, wholly so, on their backs, face downward, and some upon their sides, head on arm, as if quietly sleeping. Many were lashed to pieces of spars; others clung to fragments of the *debris*, by means of which they had, in their terrible struggle for life, hoped to ride safely on the surf-crested rollers ashore. Sailors, in flannel shirts and dreadsnaughts, lay beside little children in their night-dresses; semi-nude mothers near the latter told how "faithful even unto death" they had striven to save their offspring; while stalwart men, stiff, stark and cold, slept upon the shore, beneath the pitying gaze of strangers, who had come too late to help them. Faces were discolored and bruised, limbs broken in many, and yet there were those who seemed to have glided from sleep to its elder sister death. It was an awful array of the tempest's victims.

Steamtugs and the *Delta* came down from Halifax and took the survivors to that city, where they were received and treated with great kindness. The steamer *Falmouth* was afterward chartered, and conveyed the survivors to Portland, whence they were taken on a Pullman train to Boston, where they were entertained and cured for in Faneuil Hall. On Saturday evening, many of them left, by the *Old Colony* and *Newport*, for New York. The investigation ordered by the Dominion Government was begun, on Saturday in the Custom House at Halifax, before the Collector, E. M. McDonald. The Captain, chief officer, and others, testified mainly in accordance with the foregoing statements. From their sworn testimony it would appear that 13 saloon passengers had been saved, 20 lost; 416 steerage passengers saved, 527 steerage and crew lost; totals, 429 saved, 547 lost. John Hailey, a boy who was pushed through a window by a man, was the only person rescued. All the women and children perished.

AT THE GARDEN-GATE.

SOMEBODY came to the garden gate. While a soft hand trimmed the flowers; And a blackbird piped to his listening mate In a language as rich as ours.

Somebody blushed at the garden-gate—

A blush it was fair to see; And the sly sun peered as he fain would wait, And the blackbird paused on the tree.

Somebody spoke at the garden-gate,

As the shadows began to fall; And the rose looked up, though the hour was late, And the peach blushed pink on the wall.

A sweet head fell at the garden-gate

On an arm that was strong and true; And a chirrup of lips was heard to state What words refused to do.

INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY
MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—FREDERICK TO THE RESCUE.

"WHAT is wrong?" said one of two young men who were coming along the road.

"Bah! what does it matter to us?" said his companion.

This companion was Frederick Eastwood. He had dined out, and he had looked in for half an hour at his club, and he was now walking leisurely home with a friend who was going the same way. But the curiosity of his companion was stronger than Frederick's indifference. There were a dozen or so of people standing round some one who was crouching down against the wall, and there was a policeman in the middle.

"Ask her her name; even if she's furrin' she'll give some sort of an answer to that," suggested one of the bystanders.

"It is some tipsy woman," said Frederick; but the next moment he changed color, and stepped into the midst of the crowd.

"Call me a cab," he said to his amazed friend, and put out his hand to grasp, not very gently, at the old cloak which he recognized. "Heaven and earth! what has brought you here?" he said, in a tone of passion. The crouching figure uttered a cry, and, springing up at once, rushed upon him and clung to his arm.

"Oh, Frederick, I lost my way. Take me home! take me home!" she cried piteously.

"Why did you ever leave home, you little fool?" he asked, and thrust her savagely into the cab which drove up. He threw a coin to the policeman, and waved a good-night to his companion. He did not give any explanation. But he was savage when he got into the cab, and thrust away the girl, who put out her trembling hands to cling to him once more.

"How can you be such an idiot?" he said. "Where next must I pick you out of? Do you know you are behaving like a shameless creature, and doubly like a fool?"

Poor Innocent could not stand against this torrent of reproach. She shrank back into a corner, and cried and sobbed. It seemed to her that heaven and earth had risen up against her, now that Frederick "scolded" her too. For the first time a consciousness of her own foolishness came across her mind. How could he, so spotless and smooth as he was, touch or look at her, with mud on her dress, with her old cloak wet with the rain, and her hair hanging limp and damp upon her shoulders? Yes, she deserved to be scolded; she perceived this for, perhaps, the first time in her life.

"When you have done crying," said Frederick, still savage, "perhaps you will explain to me what ridiculous cause brought you to this plight. Have you run away entirely? Where were you going? What do you want? You little fool! They are far kinder to you at home than any one would be anywhere else. You would gain very little, I can tell you, by running away."

"I did not mean to run away," said Innocent, crying softly, as it were, under her breath.

"You will find no other people so foolish," said Frederick, savagely. "What did you want? What were you thinking of?"

"Oh, Frederick!" cried the girl, overwhelmed by his reproaches, and roused into understanding by the sharpness of the pain to which she was subjected, "I did not mean it. Do not be angry; it was not my fault."

"Not your fault!" he cried in his rage. "Good heavens! if it had not been that I was afraid you might get into some still more disgraceful scrape, I should have left you to your fate."

"Oh, don't be angry," she cried, piteously, and put out her trembling hand to touch his coat, to propitiate and pacify him with abject self-humiliation. By this time his passion had begun to wear itself out, but he would not give her any sign of forgiveness. When the cab reached the gate of the Elms, it was thrown open to them by all the servants in a body, who were searching about among the shrubbery with lights.

"Oh, here she is, with Mr. Frederick. I know'd she'd be found with Mr. Frederick," said one of the maids, whom Frederick overheard.

Mrs. Eastwood met them at the door, looking pale and frightened. "Oh, thank God, here she is at last!" she cried to Nelly, who was behind.

"Yes, I have brought the little fool home," he cried, loudly, that all might hear him. "Where do you think I found her? In the middle of the Brompton Road, with a crowd round, crying, and unable to tell where she came from. What were you thinking of, mother, to let such a child go out alone?"

"I let her go out alone!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, astonished at the undeserved blame. "Are you mad, Frederick? I have been more unhappy about her than I can say. The gardener has gone out to look everywhere, and we have been all over the grounds with lanterns. But bring her in—bring her in. Thank God, we have her safe at last!"

With the lights apparently flashing all round her, dazzling her eyes, Innocent went in, half-dragged by Frederick, to whom she kept clinging. He pushed her roughly into a chair, pulling away his arm.

"There! let us see if you can give any account of your escapade," he said, harshly.

Mrs. Eastwood was more anxious and more compassionate than her son.

"How was it, Innocent?" she asked; "I am sure you could not mean any harm. Tell me where were you going? Where had you been?"

The girl sat silent, like one, under a spell, eager yet dumb, on the point of utterance. She seemed to struggle with some force which prevented her from speaking. She turned her eyes from one to another, eager, miserable—trying, it seemed, to tell her story—incapable of beginning. At last she sur-

mounted the spell, and burst suddenly into wild tears.

"I did not mean it. I saw the church from the window—I thought it was like the Spina. Oh—h! it was not a church at all; it was some dreadful place. They tried to kill me, and then I fled—fled! and I did not know the way."

"What is the Spina?" said Mrs. Eastwood, wondering. "You frighten her, Frederick, making those grimaces. Innocent, no one will be hard upon you. Tell me plainly; what sort of a dreadful place was it? Why did you go?"

The girl looked round her at them all, one after another. Why did she go? "I was—lonely," she said, after a long pause.

Mrs. Eastwood gave a cry of pain. She turned her back upon them all, and walked up and down the room two or three times with an agitation that no one understood. Then she came and stood by Innocent, and put one arm around her. "Oh, Nelly," she cried, "Nelly, this is our fault!"

It would be wrong to say that Nelly was less tender-hearted than her mother, except in so far as youth is always less considerate, less tolerant than experience; but on this occasion she stood unmoved, feeling more indignant than sorry. She, too, had made her essay at sympathy, and she had not got the better of its rejection. She stood by without any particular demonstration, while by degrees some sort of account of the evening was got from her cousin. Innocent told them in broken words all that had happened to her. She shuddered as she described the groans. She was sure she had seen the gleam of the knives, and heard the steps approaching of the men who were going to kill her.

"I was lonely," she repeated, with a curious mixture of wistful misery, and the childish cunning of the perception that she had made a successful stroke with these words before.

The result, so far as Innocent was concerned, was that she was taken tenderly up-stairs, and committed to the care of Alice, who put her to bed, and questioned her over again, making her own reflections on the adventure. Innocent cried herself to sleep, sobbing while drowsiness crept over her, and waking up to sob again.

The young people could not understand their mother. She had been crying, with her head bent down into her hands. To Nelly the incident was disagreeable and annoying, but not tragic; while to Frederick it had become chiefly an occasion of fault-finding. To think that it was somebody's fault was a great relief to his mind.

"Why do you let her stray about as she likes? Why don't you make her stay in the room with you? Why don't you give her something to do? Surely there are people enough in the house to see that a child like that is not wandering about at her own will wherever she pleases," he said.

This view of the subject relieved him from the indefinite uneasiness which had begun to steal into his mind as to his own sharp words to Innocent. He was quite right in using those sharp words. She must be made to see (he thought) that something more was required of her than to yield to every impulse. But it was not in the nature of things that he could go on looking after a girl of sixteen—and the moment she got into the hands of the women, her natural guardians, this was the issue. It was just like women's way—they wanted to do men's work, and they would not take the trouble to do their own.

That Nelly should have accepted this challenge hotly and fiercely, was natural enough; but Mrs. Eastwood took no notice. It was only when the discussion grew furious that she roused herself and interfered.

"Children," she said, in her usual words, but with a more serious tone than usual, "don't wrangle. It does not become you, Frederick, to speak against women who have brought you up, and done everything for you; and it is foolish of you, Nelly, to argue, as if it was a thing for argument. If Frederick thinks I am a fool, and you are a fool, seeing us every day as he does, and knowing all about us, what good will arguing do him?"

"I did not mean that, mother," said Frederick, momentarily ashamed of himself.

"You said it, then, my dear, which is a very common thing among men," said Mrs. Eastwood, "and curious when you come to think of it. But, as I say, talk will not change any one's opinion. And here is something very much more serious to call for our attention. Something must be done about Innocent. Her mother made me very unhappy when I was young. She was not affectionate either. She was secret; nobody could ever make sure what was going on in her mind. When she ran away and married Mr. Vane, none of us had the least suspicion of what was going on. I am afraid of Innocent doing something of the same kind."

"Running away and marrying—some one?" asked Frederick. An ineffable smile of secret complacency came over the young man's face. He gave a short little laugh of pleased embarrassment. "I think you may feel yourself safe against any such danger. Running away, or, at least, marrying, requires two—"

Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly looked at each other with secret feminine indignation, thus relieving their minds; but the mother replied with a composure which she was far from feeling.

"There are more ways of going wrong than making a foolish marriage. That is very wrong, heaven knows, when you consider how much the very character of the family and its standing in the world depends upon the wife whom a young man may marry in a sudden fancy."

"If you are referring to me, mother," said Frederick, catching fire, "you may make yourself perfectly easy. I look upon Innocent as a mere child. It seems to me a kind of insult to suppose for a moment that I could be capable—"

"Of running away with Innocent," said his mother, looking him calmly in the face. "Be comforted, Frederick; I never imagined that you were likely to compromise yourself. The danger I warned you against was of a very different kind. But we need not return to that. Nobody can say you have been too kind to her to-night."

"I am not sentimental," he cried, getting up from his chair, and glad of the excuse for being angry, and withdrawing from unpleasant discussion.

He went off, whistling an opera air, to show his perfect indifference, and was heard next moment pitching coals on the fire in the library.

Dick came in immediately after Frederick's withdrawal, with mud on his boots, and rain on his rough coat, but his cheeks pink with the cold air outside. Dick seldom wrangled, and never allowed any event to disturb him very deeply. His honest, matter-of-fact character was always a comfort, whatever went wrong.

"So she has come back," he said; "that's a blessing. I went as far as Piccadilly without seeing anything of her. I say, weren't they making a row in that little chapel in the Road—groaning as if they'd groan their heads off. Had Innocent gone after Frederick, as the maids say, or where had she been?"

Dick was much amused when they told him the facts of the case, and saw great possibilities of laughter in the idea.

"I say, what jolly fun," he cried—"thought they were going to kill her? Oh, ho, ho! What a stupid I was not to go in! Poor little soul though! I hope you didn't scold her—not more than you could help, mamma! I suppose it's right to scold, to a certain point, but she's so scared and so bewildered."

"And you are my own good Dick," cried his mother, giving him a kiss, which the boy did not understand.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," he said, with a brightening of pleasure, "though, hang me if I know why. Ain't I muddy, rather! You never saw such a night. I'm glad she's in all right, and safe in bed, and I hope you didn't whip her. If I am to be up at seven to those dear mathematics," Dick added, making a face, "I suppose I had better go to bed, too—"

"And don't forget to get up when you are called, dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, "and to work, there's a good boy. I am sure you have plenty of brains, if you will only take the trouble."

Dick shrugged his shoulders as he went off, cheerful after his long walk. The mother and daughter had a final consultation before they, too, left the drawing-room. There had to be beer ordered for the gardener, who came in much more overwhelmed by the fatigue of his bootless walk than Dick was, depressed about things in general, and taking a dark view of Innocent's prospects in particular.

"Gentlemen don't like to be followed about like that," he said, oracularly, "no more nor I would myself. Women should know as their place is at home, and make up their minds to it."

This, it is true, was said down-stairs, to a sympathetic housemaid; but, being an old servant, the gardener felt that he might unfold his mind a little, even to his mistress.

"I'd give the young lady a word, mum," he said. "I'd let her know, whatever may be furrin' ways, as this sort of thing won't do—not in England. It ain't the thing for a young gell. In furrin' parts there's many ways as ain't like ours—so I'm told—dancing all over the place of Sundays, and that sort; but not to be hard on her the first time, nor nothing violent, I'd just give her a word—that it won't do, nor here."

"You may be sure I will say all that is necessary," said Mrs. Eastwood, half laughing, half angry. "My niece went out to go to church, and went to the little chapel in the Road, and got frightened, poor child. That is the whole matter."

"Ah, ma'am, you're a simple-hearted one," said the man, shaking his head with a skepticism that no asseveration could have touched. The maids, too, were of opinion that Mrs. Eastwood was a very "simple-hearted one;" though not where they themselves were concerned. But the story was laid up against poor Innocent with a fullness of detail and circumstance such as might have made a historian despair. How she followed Frederick to his dinner-party, and watched him through the window, and went after him to the club, was all known to the housemaid, as particularly as if she had been there.

"And I hope he'll reward her, when he's free, and can please himself," said Jane in the kitchen, who was romantic.

"Get along with you," cried the cook. "Do you think gentlemen care for a chit like that?"

"And one as follows 'em about," said Susan, solemnly, whose younger sister Jane was.

CHAPTER XVIII.—PHILOSOPHY FOR GIRLS.

THE result of this day's proceeding was not satisfactory to Frederick. If, as he, like the maids, felt assured Innocent's escapade had been on his own account, a despairing attempt to follow and be with him, such devotion, however flattering, was embarrassing, and likely to compromise him, however prudently and conscientiously he might struggle to take no undue advantage of her. Like the gardener, he felt that it would not do, and having very little confidence in his mother's severity, he determined to make the matter very clear to Innocent himself. Fortune favored him so far in this virtuous intention that he found her alone in the breakfast-room next morning when he came down-stairs. Frederick was always late. This was one of the things that made Dick so angry; while he, unhappy boy, was hunted up at seven o'clock, Frederick came down to breakfast at ten, with an occasional mild remonstrance, but no more. Things were sent away to be kept hot for him; fresh coffee had to be made, and fresh rolls procured, and to everybody this seemed the most natural thing in the world. He was always late, but he was later than usual on this particular day, which, being Monday, was an early day with the household. It might be unwise of Mrs. Eastwood to leave Innocent alone in the room, but she was unaccustomed to the attitude of suspicion. Perhaps it was with the object of seeing Frederick, that Innocent, poor soul, lingered. She had been slightly, superficially touched by the kindness of her aunt to her the night before, and by the fact, that no "scolding" had followed upon the offense; and she had for the first time offered to do something, no greater a business than arranging moss about some flower-pots, for which purpose it was, nominally, that she was left in the dining-room. But another feeling much more strong possessed her. Frederick had "scolded" her. He had beaten her down when she was very low, with angry words, and consequently she had a wishful desire to be forgiven by him; to know how he would speak to her next time; if there was any hope for her, or if all was over for ever. The others had slightly moved the surface of her mind by their kindness, but Frederick, by his unkindness, had touched her much more deeply, almost to the point of revolution. All her senses were keenly awake to indications of his coming. She heard his step a dozen times before it really came; she wondered vaguely what he would say, how he would look; she was eager, and anxious, and tremulous, as she had never been before. Her interest in him, instead of being checked, was doubled. This was what his unkindness had done.

When he came into the room first he took no notice of her. He went and poked the fire, and then he examined the table, and rang the bell for his hot coffee. Then, only, he said, "Good-morning, Innocent." He did not hold out his hand. Sometimes he would stroke her hair, or pat her head, or give her some token of affectionateness. To-day he did not even hold out his hand. "What are you doing?" was his next question, for it was odd to see her doing anything. She made haste to answer, heaping up the moss with such tremulous fingers that it fell down again in a mass.

"I am doing this—for Nelly."

"That is right," he said, more cheerfully. "Never mind what nonsense you do, so long as you make it up with them. I told you the other day you would never get on till you learned to make friends of your own sex."

Innocent made no answer. What could she say? A general observation like this was like Latin and Greek to her. She looked at him, and that was all. By this time Brownlow had brought in the coffee, and he had begun to eat his breakfast.

"That was a very foolish business of yours last

night," he said, but in a softer tone. "I dare say it is dull for you here. You don't enter into their life, and there is nothing of your own to interest you. I suppose when you are married it is expected that you should have it made up to you. At least this is the ordinary state of affairs; girls have to put up with it. I cannot take you to my club, you know, or to the other places—where I go."

"I did not want you to take me," said Innocent, surprised.

"I am glad to hear it," said Frederick. He did not believe her any more than the maids did. He smiled a little within himself at the idea that she was yielding to a conviction of the necessity for pretense. She must be beginning, he thought, to feel half a woman, to understand that she must not say and do everything that came into her head, with the freedom permitted to herself, for instance. "I was going to speak very seriously," he went on, "but as you are trying to make friends with the others, and to do better, I will not worry you. What I said is for your good, Innocent—which is not to be obtained by your usual way of doing what pleases yourself, but by yielding to others and trying to be content with what is thought good for you. This may be hard—(N. B. Frederick certainly had never tried)—but it is the only way for a girl to get on. You must manage somehow to make friends of your own sex."

Frederick dwelt upon this aphorism with some pride. He felt that it was original, and did him credit, and its wisdom gratified him. He was so far softened by the sense of his own goodness that, when he had finished breakfast, he put his hand kindly upon her shoulder, while he said, "Good-morning," and finding her face near his, and turned toward him, kissed her, for the first time, with much benevolence of feeling. Innocent's face grew suddenly red under this salute. She was not angry; she was not pleased; she did not know how to receive it, but a sudden flush of color answered to the light and somewhat careless touch. Frederick himself went off half laughing, half confused. He said to himself that the girl was growing into a woman; that she had developed very quickly since he had brought her home.

"I must mind what I am about," he said to himself.

Perhaps, on the whole, in giving this kiss, he had gone just a very little too far. And Frederick felt that there was a deep responsibility upon him. He must not delude his cousin with hopes that never could be realized.

With this feeling in his mind, he went off to the office, a little wondering and alarmed lest the story of his wonderful encounter last night in the street should have already reached it. Frederick was quite prepared to be assailed about the mysterious female figure which he had rescued from the midst of the crowd, and which he had driven off with, without a word of explanation, under the very eyes of his astonished friend. He looked out a little nervously for every newcomer who entered the place, fancying that his last night's companion would appear. No one came, however, until about three o'clock, just before the hour for leaving, on the verge, as it were, of security. He was just beginning to tell himself that all was safe, that his perils were over for the day, and that a joke of this kind could not survive twenty-four hours, when the porter brought him the card of a visitor who awaited him down-stairs. Frederick took it unsuspiciously, for, at that moment, he feared only Egerton, his friend of last night. For a moment he gazed in wonder, which rapidly turned into consternation, at the card. This was the inscription upon it: Mr. R. R. B. Batty, The Villa, Sterborne.

The name of a second-rate hotel in London was written in pencil across the card. Frederick gazed at it, feeling his features stiffen as if it had been the Gorgon herself whose countenance he was contemplating. Mrs. Eastwood had presented her son with a banknote or two, by way of paying the expenses of that illness of his which had detained him compulsorily in Paris, and put him, no doubt, to a great deal of extra expense; but as there was not sufficient to pay Batty, and Batty did not ask for payment, Frederick had disposed of these very comfortably in other ways.

"Shall I show the gentleman up?" said the porter, while the young man gazed horror-stricken at the card.

"Show him into Mr. Jones's room," said Frederick, with an effort.

Jones was absent on leave, and his room was a safe place, where a disagreeable visitor might be encountered without any more harm than was involved in the sight of him. Then he did what he could to prepare himself for the meeting. He buttoned his coat, and took his hat and cane, by way of showing that he was about to leave the office, and had little time for colloquy. He tried to make up in his mind, in desperate haste, what to say about the money, and he tried, at the same time—the one attempt mingling with the other, and confusing it—to make up some story for home, to elicit a few more of those most necessary banknotes. Frederick walked along the passage as slowly as he could toward Jones's room. Wretched little Innocent! It was all her fault that he had been seduced into this expenditure, and put in this man's power. Frederick walked into the room at last, with something of the feelings which must move the poor wretch who marches to his execution.

Could he have followed his own will, ropes would not have sufficed to drag him whither his reluctant feet now paced, with that appearance of voluntary motion which is often such a miserable pretense.

Batty met him with the greatest cordiality, with a large, red, dirty hand outstretched, and smiles of genial welcome.

"Delighted to see you looking so well, sir," he said. "Quite picked up again, eh?—after your little spree abroad? Glad of that. You young men have no moderation. A steady old stager like me knows just how far to go. But you're always on ahead, you young 'uns. I came up to town Saturday, Mr. Eastwood, to look about me a bit, and see how the world was going on, and I've lost no time in looking you up."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said poor Frederick, shivering. "I ought to have written to you about that money," and he went up to the smoldering fire and poked it violently. "How cold the weather keeps for this time of the year."

"It do, to be sure," said Batty. "But, Mr. Frederick, it you'll give me the privilege of calling you so—which comes natural, seeing I have been among Eastwoods all my life—I ain't come here prying about the money. I'm above such mean tricks. When I can be of service to a gentleman I'm proud, and so long as I'm useful and honorable, and treated like a friend, hang me if I'd dun any man. It ain't the money, sir, but feeling that has brought me here."

"I am sure you are very good," said Frederick, stiffly; "but however that may be on your part, Mr. Batty, I am aware that I ought to have written to you about what is really a debt of honor—"

"Hush! hush!" said Batty—"you make me feel like a shopman, I declare you do. I've taken the liberty to write where we're staying. Mr. Eastwood, on my card, and it you'll eat a bit of dinner with us at seven sharp, you'll do us honor, sir. I've got my daughter with me. It ain't often I can get her

up to town, and when I do, I like to show her a bit of the world. If you'd ever been down our way with your cousin, the baronet, you'd have heard of my girl. She's known as the Flower of Sterborne down our way. I don't say but what you've great beauties about London—greater beauties than our country lasses; but I'm proud of 'Manda. I'm not in the way of asking my friends when she's with me; but an Eastwood ain't like any one else, at least not to her and me."

"I am sure you are very good," said Frederick, using the same words again, and stiffening more and more.

A rapid calculation had run through his mind while Batty was speaking. Should he say he was engaged, or should he keep the monster in good humor by enduring a dinner in his company? Was it worth his while, since the monster appeared so amiable by nature, to take all this trouble to keep him in good humor? These, and various other branches of the same question, went through his mind, retarding his reply.

He did not personally know his cousin the baronet, though Frederick was fully aware of the importance to a young man in society of such a relative, and if the man really knew the Eastwoods, his power of telling a disagreeable story was infinitely enhanced.

On the whole, it seemed to Frederick that it was better to humor him, to accept his invitation, and trust to the support of Providence to get through the evening. After all, it was seeing "life" as much, at least, as many other ways which he had taken in his day for that purpose, and which his friends were constantly employing.

When he had got rid of Batty, he made up, in case of any chance discovery, an explanation of what he was about to do.

"I am going to dine with an old fellow whom I picked up in Paris the other day," he said to the people in the office—"a genuine John Bull, ready for anything, but not knowing a word of any language but his own. He turned out to be some sort of rural hanger on of my cousin Sir Geoffrey, and out of gratitude he is going to give me a dinner. I expect some fun."

"I wonder what that elaborate explanation means?" one of his audience said to another. "Eastwood is always up to some mischief when he's explanatory. I don't believe he knows his cousin Sir Geoffrey from Adam."

"If he did, he's a poor wretch in the hands of the Jews, and not much good to any one," said the other.

Innocent was in her usual place in the little window when Frederick went home that evening. He made a sign to her to come out to him, and went round the side of the house into the garden. It was a cold and unfavorable Spring, scarcely warmer now, though it was the end of March, than it had been in February, but the days had grown longer, and Frederick's return was now generally in daylight.

"I wanted to say to you, Innocent, that you must give up this habit of watching for me," he said. "No doubt it is very kind of you. When the nights were darker you were not so much noticed at the window, but now, you must recollect, it is quite light, and a great girl like you is remarked. People will say unkind things about you. They will say, for instance, that you are fond—of me."

"I am fond of you," she said, with the tears in her eyes.

"That is all very well," said Frederick, "but we must not go too far. Don't let me see you there again. Girls ought to know these things without being told. You are a great girl, almost grown up; and you know the others now almost as well as you know me. I should have told you this in the morning, but I forgot. Altogether, Innocent, there must be a change. I had thought your own sense would teach you—and I thought that what I said this morning—But you compel me to speak plainly," said Frederick, seeing the face of his mother looking out from the drawing-room, and feeling inspired by the thought that he would himself be called to question for this interview with Innocent.

Innocent made no answer. She walked silently by his side, overcome by the bitterness of this sudden onslaught when she had expected quite the reverse. When he made her a sign to come out to him, she thought he meant to be kinder, more affectionate than usual, more like what he used to be when he traveled with her, and cared for her in everything. How quickly, how gladly she had rushed out, leaving the door open behind her, as Brownlow remembered long afterward. And to find that all her pleasant expectations were to end in a new and utterly unprovoked access of scolding! She tried hard not to cry, her pride being hurt at last, but the large tears dropped down her cheeks, as she went silently along the walk by his side. She put up her hand furtively to dash them away. But she could not say anything either in defense or submission. She was too deeply and cruelly disappointed to have any power of speech left.

"You won't give in?" said Frederick. "You are just like all women. You will never allow you are in the wrong. When I come home, fretted and vexed from the world," continued the young man, "and hoping to have a little repose and comfort at home, you begin to worry me from the first moment you catch sight of me. I declare it is hard: a man who has always tried to do his duty at home—and instead of finding it a refuge from the troubles of life—"

"This speech was perfectly unintelligible to Innocent. She looked up at him with vague surprise, being quite unaware, poor child, of the troubles of life from which Frederick escaped with the hope of finding comfort at home."

"I mean that you must put a stop to all this nonsense," he said, abruptly. "Make yourself happy somehow. Do as other people do. Don't sit and mope in a corner and gaze at me, and don't watch for me any more at that window. If you do, I shall be horribly vexed. There now, run in and think no more of it. I don't mean to be cross, but you must remember that what you have got to do is to please, not yourself, but me."

Innocent received this first lesson in the female necessity of self-renunciation in silence, taking it in with her eyes as well as her ears. She kept looking at him, in the dullness of her perception, wondering if there was something more to follow; but nothing followed. Then she said "Yes," vaguely, and they went in together, he to the drawing-room, where he had his mother to encounter, she to the schoolroom, high up in the roof, which she had taken possession of to sit and dream in. "What you have to do is to please not yourself, but me!" She pondered the words, and got them by heart, seated on her windowledge, looking out upon the little chapel, which once more had caught something of the aspect of the church of the Spina. "Not yourself, but me; not yourself, but me!" Thus Innocent got her first great lesson by heart.

(To be continued.)

RHODE ISLAND has 1,850 productive establishments, employing 49,417 hands, whose annual wages amount to \$19,354,236. They use up materials to the value of \$111,418,354. The capital employed is estimated at \$63,567,322, and the profits reach nearly 28 per cent.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

JANAUSCHEK is a Hungarian.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has 525 students.

HON. JAMES BROOKS is in a very critical state.

ROCHEFORT is yet too ill to be sent to New Caledonia.

THE assessed wealth of Texas amounts to \$578,255,505.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ is reported to be in failing health.

LUANILLO speaks English perfectly and French tolerably.

EVANS, the dentist, is said to be the richest American in Paris.

DOGS killed \$80,000 worth of sheep in Kentucky last year.

THE University of Pennsylvania has at present 848 students.

THE April dividends payable in Boston amount to \$4,650,671.

A MISS WADE, of Cincinnati, has failed in 61 attempts at suicide.

THE oldest journalist in New Jersey is Judge Narr, of Trenton.

MAINE cut nearly 450,000,000 feet of lumber during the past Winter.

THE trade of Bangor, Me., last year, including lumber, was \$17,500,000.

ZANESVILLE, O., complains of a waterworks ring which has drawn \$100,000.

MARSHAL MACMAHON leads a retired and unostentatious life, and is a great smoker.

GOVERNOR BOOTH, of California, is traveling over his State, lecturing on Swedenborgianism.

BOSTON sends a large quantity of text-books and school apparatus to the Vienna Exposition.

CONSTRUCTING ENGINEER CALVIN BROWN, of our Navy, is inspecting the European navy-yards.

DR. CONNEAT, who enabled Louis Napoleon to escape from the fortress of Ham, is now very poor.

A TROY man caught and caged a robin sixteen years ago, and the bird died of old age the other day.

TWO YEARS ago, Atlanta, Ga., was valued at \$5,000,000. The present valuation is over \$14,000,000.

MR. RICHARD JENKINS, a wealthy resident of Carbondale, Pa., is missing, and foul play is suspected.

GOVERNOR PERHAM, of Maine, a Republican, has appointed a Democrat Railroad Commissioner for that State.

GENERAL J. W. WOOLEY, formerly Governor of the National Military Asylum at Milwaukee, died recently.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is said to have been offered \$50,000 to produce a fiction founded on the Tichborne case.

WHITELAW REID is to be the orator before the United Societies of Dartmouth at the next commencement.

MR. LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, the Parisian correspondent of the London Times, owns property in the State of New York.

MRS. MARY HUTCHINS, of Embda, Me., is 87 years old, has 47 great-grandchildren, and never saw a steamboat or a railroad.

A WILD white man has been found in the forests of Amalia, in Antioquia, Central America, with the body all covered with hair.

THE California Chinamen are killing and eating all the buzzards they can lay their hands on, and prefer them to roast turkey.

IT is said of the Rev. Judge Kanard, a full-blood Indian, that he holds court every day and preaches at night, in Tacktown, I. T.

A FRENCH woman who attempted to emulate Laura Fair has been sent to prison before she had a chance to shoot the second man.

COUNT RAVING, who died recently, aged 100 years, was formerly in the Rohan-Montbazon Regiment, and was wounded at Quiberon in 1795.

DR. BILROTH, one of Germany's most distinguished surgeons, has been decorated by the Czar with the Ribbon of the Order of St. Anne.

JAMES L. RIDGELEY, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States, is dangerously ill at his house in Baltimore.

DURING General Sherman's tour in Europe, he saw some British battle-flags, on which were inscribed "Lexington" and "Breed's Hill." They were relics of 1776.

GENERAL F. T. DENT, who has been on the President's staff, has been ordered to the command of Fort Trumbull, opposite New London, on the Connecticut River.

REV. GEORGE BOWERS, late Dean of Manchester, has bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. Addington, the gold ring known as originally belonging to John Bunyan.

A NEW European hospital has been opened at Kyoto, Japan, under the direction of Dr. Junker, who had charge of the English Red Cross Hospital at Saarbrück, during the Franco-Prussian war.

A LITTLE girl was killed in New Hampshire a year ago by a kick from a horse, which had been frightened by a dog, and her father has just recovered \$1,450 damages from the owner of the dog.

THE "Society of the Friends of Children," in Vienna, has opened an institution "for the instruction of children who, on account of infirm health, are prevented from profitably attending the public schools."

HON. J. R. BUCHTEL, founder of the college in Ohio bearing his name, has offered to give \$20,000 for a woman professorship in it, provided the women of the State will subscribe an equal sum to complete the endowment.

KANSAS has 166,000 children of school age, but only a little over 100,000 are enrolled in the schools, and about 60,000 are found in daily attendance. The State pays \$588,012 to teach the young idea how to shoot, and her schoolhouses are valued at \$2,845,263.

A WOMAN in Spain lately gave birth to a consolidated twin with two heads and four legs proceeding from a single trunk. One of the heads was still-born, but the other lived two hours. It has now joined the collection of spirits in the anatomical museum at Madrid.

FULL returns of the Rhode Island election give Howard, Republican, for Governor, 9,637; Chase, Democrat, 3,779; Van Zandt, Republican, for Lieutenant-Governor, 6,482; Ballou, Temperance and Republican, 3,835; Wales, Democrat, 2,920; scattering, 133. Van Zandt lacks 400 votes of an election.

THE Duke d'Aumale was received as a member of the French Academy. On taking his seat he made an address, quiet in tone, and free from political allusions, but closing with an eloquent and patriotic appeal. The last words of which were: "Poor France! Let her pick up her broken sword, labor, and take heart."

CAPT. JAMES A. WILLIAMS.

JAMES A. WILLIAMS, Captain of the *Atlantic* at the time of the disaster, has been familiar with salt-water almost from the very hour of his birth. His father is a native of Wales, and has served many years in the mercantile marine. At present he occupies a very important position, on the Williams & Guion Line, at Liverpool.

James was born in that city, in 1838. During early life he accompanied his father's vessels, giving great attention to the study of navigation, and exhibiting the finest qualities of seamanship as his experience increased.

When the Williams and Guion Line of Ocean Steamships was started, in 1856, James was one of the first responsible officers chosen, and commanded in turn the *Manhattan*, *Wisconsin*, and *Colorado*. He remained with the Company until 1871, when he entered the service of the White Star Line as second officer of the *Republic*.

It will be remembered that about a year ago this vessel was caught in a terrific storm while approaching this port. For many hours it seemed impossible to save the ship. All hands put forth strenuous exertions, Capt. Williams being always at the front of danger. In a sudden lurch the *Republic* shipped an enormous wave, which tore away the lifeboats, and swept the deck of much of its working material.

Seeing the alarm of the crew, Captain Williams sprang from the bridge, and, in the endeavor to save one of the boats, was thrown violently to the deck, and sustained three fractures of his leg, besides having his eyes nearly torn from their sockets.

On the arrival of the *Republic* at New York, Capt. Williams was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where his injuries confined him several months. Reporting for duty, he was appointed first officer of the *Celtic*, and shortly after Captain of the *Atlantic*, and was making the second return voyage when the ship was lost.

It is particularly indelicate to increase the sadness of the disaster by allusions to Capt. Williams of an unpleasant personal character. Very thorough inquiries have been made concerning him, of his former employers and associates, and all agree that he is a skillful navigator, a seaman of great experience, and a gentleman. If, as it is alleged, he sought his state-room at the moment of supreme danger, it is but charitable to ascribe it to exhaustion produced upon his weakened system by the trying vigils observed from the commencement of the storm. None of his employers have ever had occasion to doubt that he was other than an earnest, brave and reliable officer, and his former associates regard the aspersions cast upon him at this time as unusually cruel.



THE DEAD LADY LASHED TO THE RIGGING.

INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

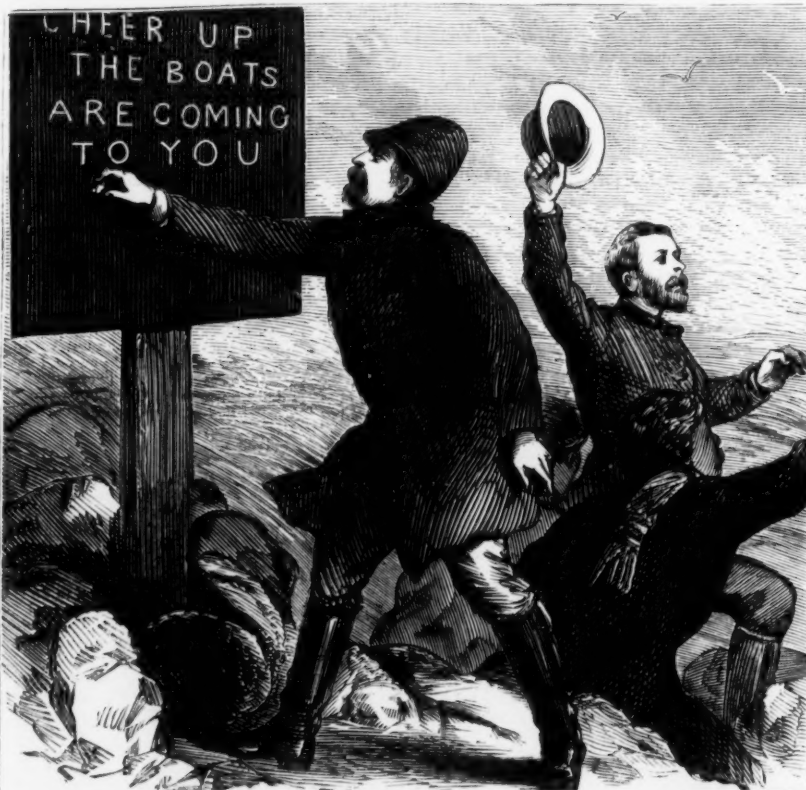
The following is an interview had by a correspondent with Captain Williams:

Reporter.—Captain Williams, how do you find yourself after your terrible experience?

NOVA SCOTIA.—LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC"—SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING AND AFTER THE WRECK.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH Uecker.



THE STEERAGE PASSENGERS RUSHING UP THE GANGWAY TO THE DECK AFTER THE VESSEL STRUCK.



THE SIGNAL BOARD ASHORE STATING, "CHEER UP! THE BOATS ARE COMING TO YOUR ASSISTANCE."



RESCUE OF A BOY BY PUSHING HIM THROUGH A PORT HOLE.

open I could hear anything that went on on deck. Reporter.—Had you the leads and lines prepared?

Capt. W.—Yes, both deep sea and hand, coils on the bridge deck, the leads being armed and

Capt. W.—Improving, bodily, though my limbs are still very stiff and painful; but in mind, stunned. The whole disaster seems like a dreadful nightmare.

Reporter.—You spent last night at Marr's Island, among the bodies, and looking after the wreck?

Capt. W.—Most of the night, and until I had personally examined and identified all that lay upon the hillsides, and, God knows, would willingly have exchanged places with them could the lost have stood where I did.

Reporter.—Were the bodies much disfigured?

Capt. W.—Many were, though about forty presented the appearance of quiet sleep, especially so in the cases of the little children.

Reporter.—Was there any truth in regard to the mutilation of the bodies?

Capt. W.—None whatever. I specially examined the fingers, to disprove, if necessary, such sensational reports. I believe that many of the bodies were rifled by others than those from Prospect Point before brought ashore, but there was no mutilation.

Reporter.—Do you consider that you were sufficiently cooled when you left Liverpool?

Capt. W.—Yes, if not for these three days of heavy weather.

Reporter.—But how do you account for being so much out of your position?

Capt. W.—Solely on account of the current. It must have been a northerly set, as well as westerly. I allowed what, in my judgment, was ample—namely, eight degrees to the eastward.

Reporter.—Were you quite certain of your position on Monday noon?

Capt. W.—Yes, quite; both chronometers agreed, and the observations were taken by different instruments. I make it a rule that all the officers should participate in the navigation of the ship, and make themselves conversant with the position of the vessel and the deviation of the compass on courses steered.

Reporter.—But how did you strike the land, when, according to all your reckonings, you should still have been a safe distance from it?

Capt. W.—I have already stated to you that a northerly "set" proved greater than I allowed for. For two or three preceding days I had found the ship, by observations, to have been set to the southward and eastward of her position. By reckoning I was not astonished at this southeasterly set, knowing the heavy northerly and westerly gales that had prevailed in the Atlantic during the winter; in fact, when making the northern

passage homeward bound, I decided to near the Virgin Rocks more than Cape Race.

Reporter.—Were you on deck when the ship struck?

Capt. W.—No; I was in the chart-room, which is on the saloon deck, and less than thirty feet from the bridge. When the wheel-house windows were



SPAIN.—EVENTS IN MALAGA.—CARLISTS DISARMING TROOPS SENT TO PRESERVE ORDER.

patents attached; both anchors were also in the bows.

Reporter—Did you use these leads?

Capt. W.—No.

Reporter—Is it not customary to do so in approaching the land?

Capt. W.—Yes, when approaching a low, sandy shore, or in making the land in hazy weather; but, the night being clear, though overcast, and knowing that Sambre Island Light should be seen from fifteen to twenty-one miles, I did not think it necessary.

Reporter—Mr. Metcalf was the officer of the deck at the time; did you consider him a faithful and competent officer?

Capt. W.—Undoubtedly, or I should never have left him, but should have remained on the bridge with him.

Such are Captain Williams's responses to direct questions. He may have been criminally negligent, but he seems to have been a man in the supreme moment.

DISARMING THE TROOPS SENT TO PRESERVE ORDER IN MALAGA.

FOR the present, Spain, outside of the unfortunate northern provinces, is tranquil, at least in all material points of view. It is true that, for some time after the abdication of King Amadeus, during the formation of the new Government, and after the proclamation of the Republic, there were popular risings and disturbances in Barcelona and elsewhere, which occasioned bloodshed, and called for the interference of the authorities, as in Malaga, for instance, where, however, the Government troops were disarmed by the "Party of Order." Instead of preserving order, they created disorder. All these different places are quiet now, thanks to the intervention of Ministers Castelar and Figueras. Appearances are deceitful, though, and there are still wars and rumors of wars. The Carlists are strong in the northern provinces, and are waging successful war with General Nouvilas, the General-in-chief of the forces of the young Republic. The condition of affairs in the rest of Spain may be like the quiet of a volcano before it bursts.

MACDONNELL, THE ENGLISH FORGER.

THE arrest of George Macdonnell, the alleged Bank of England forger, on an inbound European steamer, proves to be more important than was at first anticipated.

It is said that his parents are now living in Lacine, Canada, in good circumstances. His father, Michael, is a considerable speculator in real estate in Montreal, and has for years been in the habit of spending the Winter there with his family.

It is claimed by the police authorities that George has "operated" very extensively in that country, and is "wanted" in many cities to answer for crimes traced to him. Under the name of George W. Bradford, it is alleged that he figured in a notable cattle swindle in Portland, Me., several years ago, and while under arrest was delivered to a New York detective on a charge of swindling Tiffany & Co. He was sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for two years.

In the Summer of 1868 he and his brother Michael, professing to be commission merchants, attempted to get \$5,000 out of the Hide and Leather Bank, of Boston, on a bogus check drawn by a Chicago house, but the bank officers were too smart for them, and they then escaped. Michael, in October of the same year, having in his company a young man named Hills, appeared in Worcester, Mass., and by forging a certified check got \$2,200 out of a bank there, and then stole a horse and wagon to aid their escape. Macdonnell, in that scrape, gave the name of Hiram Tucker, and Hills the name of

H. B. Conklin. Hills was subsequently arrested in New Jersey for a forgery perpetrated in connection with Michael Macdonnell on the Sturtevant Bank, and got seven years in the State Prison, but was pardoned out last Fall.

Michael, taking the name of Andrew Stanley, went to Hartford after Hills's arrest, and there committed a successful forgery upon the Trust Company, getting \$4,500. His confederate escaped to California, but Michael was arrested in Canada, and is now serving his time in the State Prison at Wethersfield. Before he went to prison, and after his sentence, he said that the gang with which he was connected—George, the Bank of England forger, being the inventive head of the organization—had planned a gigantic system of forgeries in the United States. Deposits in small amounts were to be made in different banks, and certified checks obtained thereon, which were to be altered, and by simultaneous action the forgers expected to make

a haul amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands of dollars. In all the forgeries committed by these offenders, the certified check plan was invariably adopted.

After Michael had been in prison over a year, George tried to get him released when the Legislature was in session, but met with no encouragement. Michael then tried to bribe the son of the late warden, Willard, to aid him in securing outside assistance, and gave him a letter to W. W. Bidwell, in New York, which was never delivered. This Bidwell, it appears, was one of the confederates of George Macdonnell in the English robbery.

A few days ago the Governor of Kentucky asked of Governor Dix that Macdonnell be delivered to the authorities of that State on account of former operations, conducted under the name of S. West. The accused is a tall, slightly built, good-looking fellow, endowed by nature with all the necessary "properties" of a confidence man.

CHURCHES.

THE church statistics of the last census," says a contemporary, "are curious and interesting. There are 62,552 church buildings in the United States, with sittings for 11,395,542 people. While the total population of the country is a little over 38,000,000, only 27,900,000 persons are over ten years old. Deducing the very young, the very old, the sick and infirm, the existing accommodations seem adequate. The total value of church property is \$349,619,780. The Methodists are the strongest denomination, having 21,337 churches. The Baptists are next, having 13,962. The Presbyterians hold the third place, having 7,071 churches. Fourth are the Catholics, with 3,806 churches. The Christians—both Disciples and the Christian connection are included under this name—have 2,822; the Lutherans 2,776; the Congregationalists 2,715; the Episcopalians 2,601; the German Reformed 1,445; the Friends 622; the Universalists 602; the Unitarians 310; the Mormons 171; and the Jews 152. In the decade between 1860 and 1870, most of the denominations increased more rapidly than during the succeeding ten years. The Methodists gained fifty per cent. in the former period, and only seven per cent. in the latter; the Baptist increase fell off from twenty-seven to fifteen per cent.; the Presbyterians from thirty-two to ten; the Catholics from one hundred and nine to forty-nine; the Christians from one hundred and thirty-six to thirty-six; the Lutherans from seventy-three to thirty; the Congregationalists from twenty-nine to twenty-two; the Episcopalians from forty to twenty-one; and the German Reformed from ninety-eight to sixty-nine per cent. The Friends and Universalists each lost nine per cent. during the last decade.

The Unitarians gained eight per cent. from 1850 to 1860, and seventeen per cent. from 1860 to 1870. During the former period, the Mormons increased fifty per cent., and during the latter, more than quintupled their numbers. The Jews, who gained one hundred and fourteen per cent. from 1850 to 1860, increased by only ninety-seven per cent. from 1860 to 1870. In respect to the aggregate value of church edifices, the Methodists stand first, the Catholics second, the Presbyterians third, the Baptists fourth, the Episcopalians fifth, and the Congregationalists sixth. Though the number of churches standing in 1870 was not double that of 1860, their value was four times as great. Making all possible allowance for the general advance in nominal values, it is quite apparent that the newer churches are generally much more elegant than the older ones. The increase of some of the denominations is largely dependent upon immigration. Others are recruited from different home sects.

When the figures above are studied in the light of these facts, some important conclusions are apparent. The decrease in the gain of the Catholics would seem to indicate either that emigration from Catholic countries is decreasing, or that the Church does not succeed in keeping the newcomers within its pale. The diminution in the increase of the Methodists is very large, and almost inexplicable. The gain of the Unitarians is attributable to the zeal with which the denomination has conducted its operations in the cities of the Northwest, where emigration from the New England States has given them nucleus for the formation of congregations. The same cause has given Congregationalism a strong hold in the Northwest, and has enabled it to make a better showing for the last ten years than the Presbyterian family. It is to be regretted that the total membership of the various churches is not included in the return before us."

THE SIGNS OF TAVERNS.

THE absurdities which tavern signs present are often curious enough, but may in general be traced to that inveterate propensity which the vulgar of all countries have to make havoc with everything in the shape of a proper name.

What a magpie could have to do with a crowd.



GEORGE MACDONNELL, THE BANK OF ENGLAND FORGER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC AND PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

or a whale with a crow, or a hen with a razor, is as difficult to conjecture as to trace the corruption of language, in which the connection more probably originated. The sign of the Leg and Seven Stars was merely an orthographical deviation from the League and Seven Stars, or seven united provinces; and the Ax and Bottle was, doubtless, a transposition of the Battle-ax, a very appropriate and significant sign in warlike times. The Tun and Lute seem quite emblematical of the pleasures arising from the association of Wine and Music. The Eagle and Child had some meaning, but no application; but when we arrive at the Shovel and Boot we labor in vain to come to any rational definition of the affinity.

The Swan with Two Necks was long a subject of mystery to the curious; but it has been explained by the alteration of a single letter. The sign was originally written *The Swan with Two Necks*, the meaning of which we find explained by the fact that it was customary to make marks or *necks* on the beaks of the swans and cygnets in the rivers and lakes in Lincolnshire. Certain persons had privileges granted to them for keeping swans in these waters. This information has been collected from a curious roll of parchment, presented in 1810 by Sir Joseph Banks to the Antiquarian Society, which also states that means were taken to prevent any two persons from adopting the same figures and marks on the bills of their swans.

The sign of the Goat and Compasses has been supposed to have arisen from the resemblance between the bounding of a goat and the expansion of a pair of compasses; but this is more fanciful than appropriate. This sign is of the days of the Commonwealth, when it was the fashion of the enthusiasts of that period to append scriptural quotations to the names given them by their parents, or to adopt them entirely instead. This rage for sacred titles induced them to coin new names also for places and things. The corruption from "God Encompasseth Us," to Goat and Compasses, is obvious, and seems quite natural; and it is not unlikely that "Praise God Bearebones," the canting leather-seller, preferred drinking his tankard of ale at the "God Encompasseth Us," rather than frequent a house retaining its old and *heavenish* title.

The Bag of Nails, at Pimlico, was originally the Bacchanals, where, in the time of "Rare Ben Jonson," people were accustomed to make a holiday excursion.

The sign of the Bull and Mouth exhibits another instance of the corruption and perversion of language. Everybody knows that a bull has a mouth, but it was not so evident that Boulogne Harbor must have an entrance, commonly called a *mouth*.

A BLACK WITNESS.

DURING the trial of Nixon, just convicted of murder, the following scene occurred on the witness stand:

William Henry Johnson (colored) testified, that on the day of the shooting he saw two men having an altercation in Chatham Street—one of them was on horseback and the other drove a wagon. The man in the wagon told the man on horseback to get out of the way, when the latter turned round and attempted to strike him two or three times.

Cross-examined by District Attorney Phelps:

Q.—Where do you live, Johnson? A.—In a garret. [A laugh.]

Q.—What is your business? A.—My wife follows the washing business, but she makes me do the work.

Q.—Where was the wagon when you saw it? A.—'Twas in the street. [Laughter.]

Q.—What part of the street? A.—In the street, not on the sidewalk.

Q.—On which side of the street? A.—On the same side that I was.

Q.—How near was the wagon to the sidewalk? A.—Well, upon my soul, I could not tell. That's a pretty hard thing to tell, as I did not measure it.

Q.—Are you deaf? A.—Sometimes. [A laugh.]

Q.—When you first saw the man on horseback, where was he? A.—On his back. [Great laughter.]

Q.—Where was the wagon? A.—Well, boss, I guess we talked about that before. [Applause.]

Q.—With what hand did he strike the prisoner? A.—He struck him with no hand; he struck him with the whiffletree. 'Pon my honor I can't say in which hand he held the whiffletree, except it was the right or the left. [Laughter.]

Q.—Were they near Barnum's clothing-store? A.—Well, see here now, boss, I ain't able to read nor write, and I can't tell Barnum from A. T. Stewart, or any of them big folks, by looking up at their names.

Q.—When did you tell this to Mr. Howe? A.—Mr. Howe? Mr. Howe, when was it I went to see you? [Great laughter in the court, and counsel joined.]

Q.—Did you know Nixon? A.—No; I did not know him from Tom, Dick, or the Devil. [Continued merriment.] The fact is, boss, men will get into musses, particularly colored folks. You know some folks been down on the colored people. I mean folks as have no education and don't know their grammar nor their dictionary. I can write my name—no, I can't, either, come to think of it. [Laughter.]

Q.—Do you know Officer Van Burskirk? A.—Who? What? Does he know me? I guess not. No, sah. [Laughter, during which the Court ordered the witness to retire.]

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

What grows bigger the more you contract it? Debt.

An early Spring—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

"Can't you love your neighbor as yourself, Johnny?" "Yes, ma," then added, reflectively, "if he don't keep a dog that tries to bite little boys."

"There's one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain, "and that's courtship; 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

SEVERE.—An editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

OVERPAID \$100 on a check by a bank. The Georgia negro who received it at once returned the money. The local paper says that it is another evidence that the race can never be civilized.

JUST WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.—It turns out that it is the female mosquito that makes all the noise, does all the stinging, and occasions the deplorable amount of profanity wasted on those insects.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.—Said a Frenchman to a German, "When the Vendôme Column is restored, we mean to put a statue of a French soldier on the top." "Right," said the German to the Frenchman; "that is a place of safety."

THE KNAVE!—You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady, who was his partner in a social game of whist at an evening party. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

SCIENCE EXTRAORDINARY.—A Cockney conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late, the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed one very, "don't fret! I know the astronomer well. He is a very polite man, and, I'm sure, will begin again."

The Burlington Free Press tells of an old lady living there who had a rather dissolute husband, who fell sick and died. She attended the funeral, and upon her return remarked that she had one consolation, "she knew now where he slept nights."

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—I will and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son Patrick one-half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Terence McCarty.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, of a mechanical turn of mind, took off his gas meter to repair it himself, and put it on again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with mathematical correctness that the gas company owed him eight dollars and fifty cents.

"How is it?" asked an enthusiastic English nobleman of a Polish refugee of high rank, "that you regard your country's misfortunes with such stoical indifference?" "You quite mistake me," was the reply; "I have married a Russian lady, and am doing my best to make her miserable."

HOT ON "HUBBY."—A wife asked her husband for a new dress. He replied, "Times are hard, my dear—so hard I can hardly keep my nose above water." Whereupon she retorted, "You can keep your nose above water easy enough, 'if you've a mind to; but the trouble is, that you keep it too much above brandy."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was surprised recently. She had been explaining the story of the crucifixion to her class of little boys, who seemed to take great interest in the story. When she thought they fully understood the subject, one of them suddenly burst out and said: "By golly, I'll bet you they wouldn't have done it if Buffalo Bill'd been there!"

CURRAN, being at a party at the seat of an Irish nobleman, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the churchyard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise where he could be gone to. "Oh," says Curran, "he has just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

IMPORTUNITY WELL CARRIED OUT.—One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" "She is dead," "Have you a father?" "Yes, sir, but he is ill." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed?" "Yes, sir." "Then, why don't he cut it off?" "Please, sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife!"

A WELL-KNOWN physician, a distinguished specialist, was examining a medical student, when he put to him the case of a fever, the symptoms of which increased in intensity until at last the crisis arrived. "What would you do?" asked the doctor of the student. "Well," replied the latter, being unable, after some minutes' anxious reflection, to arrive at a solution of the difficulty, "I should send for you." The joke, fortunately, was taken in a friendly spirit, and the young man got his diploma.

FOR THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

The Wilson Sewing Machine Company's Magnificent Machines and Machine Work on Exhibition To-day and To-night.

To EXCEL in improvement and in work produced by their machine, has ever been the motto of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company. Their career, from the opening of their first office and works in the city, years ago, to the present time, has been in the fullest sense of the term "a success," and the development of their plans and the growth of their business without a parallel in the history of Sewing Machines. This is the direct result of the herculean efforts put forth by the managers for the advancement of their object, until it has reached the height of perfection in point of mechanism, and is rendered useful in all hands by the wonderful simplicity of its construction and its adaptability to a range and variety of work attempted with success by no other machine.

In the few years just past, the opposition brought to bear against the "New Wilson Underfeed Machine" has been very hard, and in many instances the combined efforts of all the older machines have been brought against it, but without exception, as the scores, and we may say hundreds, of Premiums, Diplomas and Medals, received at the different fairs and trials all over the land, fully demonstrate.

But this is not enough. Having proved their ability and power to Americans to overcome all competitors, they proceed with the same indomitable spirit which has characterized their every step and made them successful here, to the tried fields of the Old World, there, as here, to justify their claims over all others to the front rank among the mechanical productions of the globe.

The preparations for their introduction at the World's Great Exhibition at Vienna have been such as will do credit to the nation in whose name they are sent, to the Company which has produced them and whose name they commemorate, as well as the instructive workmen who have contributed their commendable skill to the result.

The samples of work embrace everything which tend to show the power of their machine and its adaptability to all uses—harness and saddle work, ladies' embroidery, braiding, cording, tucking, quilting, felling, and innumerable other kinds and varieties of work for which their machines are so admirably adapted.

The machines and their work are on exhibition to-day and till 10 o'clock this p.m., at the Company's elegant place on Superior Street, corner of Bond, where all are invited to view and inspect them. On Saturday they will be started on their way across the seas, for competition in the world's arena, and the result cannot be otherwise than here—the verdict unanimous in favor of the Wilson.—*Cleveland Daily Herald*.

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GET THE BEST.—Beyond all question the most economical sewing machine to buy is the Wilson Underfeed. It is perfect and durable in workmanship, simple and easy to operate, and its work is superior to all others. It is sold at a less price than any other first-class machine, and its popularity, so well deserved, is daily increasing. Salesrooms at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company wants agents in country towns.

MRS. L. C. SNYDER, of West Troy, N. Y., has done ten years of hard work on her Grover & Baker Lock Stitch Machine without paying a dollar for repairs. She received over twenty-five hundred dollars for work done on it.

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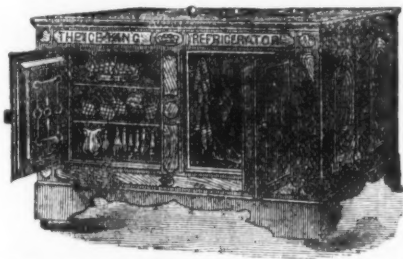
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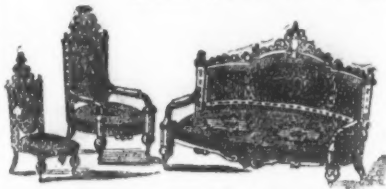
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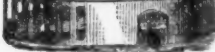
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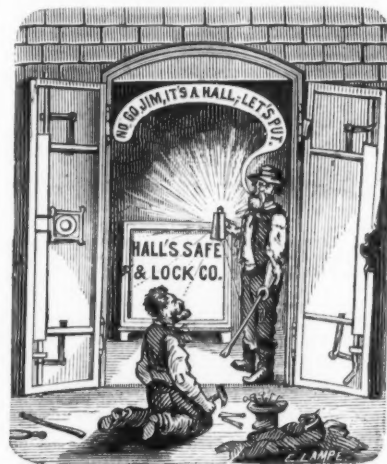
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